

NOVEMBER 25, 1921

No. 843

7 Cents

FAME
AND

FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

OLD HAZARD'S ERRAND BOY OR THE NERVE THAT WON THE MONEY

A STORY OF WALL STREET

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



Two sneak thieves had been rifling the desk, and as Jim ran in, followed by Jenny, he saw them tearing up all of Old Hazard's papers. Raising his hand, the boy rushed forward, shouting wildly "Quit that, you scoundrels!"

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 25, 1921.

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OLD HAZARD'S ERRAND BOY

OR, THE NERVE THAT WON THE MONEY

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—In Which Jimmy Shows His Nerve.

"I've taken the wrong road, that's as plain as the nose on my face, though my nose isn't as plain as some people's," said Jimmy West to himself when a turn in the road brought him suddenly in sight of the revolving light on Coffin Rock, off the New Jersey shore, when he was expecting to sight the lights of the railroad station at Topsail Village, a mile or more from the coast.

Coffin Rock, so named from its weird resemblance to an old-fashioned coffin, when viewed from the gallery around the lighthouse lantern, or from the bridge of a large steamer, was situated half a mile from Raccoon Beach, and marked a line of shoals which had acquired the grewsome reputation of an ocean graveyard, from which fact the oddly shaped rock bore a strange and uncanny significance. It is true that wrecks were few and far between at the time Jimmy West was tramping that winding country road in the darkness of an early spring night.

As Jimmy West is our hero we must introduce him as the trusted office boy and messenger of John Hazard, a Wall Street stock broker, familiarly known on the Street as "Old Hazard," because of his years and the fact that he was one of the oldest active members of the Stock Exchange. A wealthy customer of Hazard's had bought an extensive estate down in that part of the state the summer before and went to live on it. He liked the place so well that he made it his permanent abode, only going to New York occasionally. That afternoon Old Hazard sent Jimmy with a number of state bonds to his customer's residence, which accounts for the boy being in that neighborhood. It was the first time Jimmy had been in that locality, and while returning to the station, after delivering the bonds and dining with the customer and his family, he went straight ahead, instead of turning to the left, when he came to the place where another road joined the one leading to the village, and so went on the wrong tack without being a whit the wiser until he saw the revolving light. At that moment he heard the voices of two men approaching, not along the road from the shore, but across the field. The wind carried the sounds to his ears.

"Here are two men. I'll ask them if there's a short cut," said Jimmy.

Standing in the shadow of a bare tree he waited for the pair to reach the spot.

"Well, Sammy, things look very queer with us," spoke one of them in rough tones.

"Right you are, Bill; they couldn't well look queerer," said the other, whose voice showed that he was quite a young fellow.

"We ain't got the price of a drink, even."

"Mighty 'ard luck on a night like this," returned the other.

"You're always complainin', Sammy. When we were pulled in by the constable of the village and locked up as a pair of vagrants you set up a howl, and the bluff I started to put up didn't go. It's lucky the jay didn't search us or we'd be there now."

"He wouldn't 'ave found nothin' on me."

"No, I'll swear he wouldn't. You never have anythin' but a big appetite."

"Ow can I 'elp that?"

"He'd have found my knife and, of course, he'd have taken it away. That knife made a way for us out of the lock-up, and here we are, free citizens once more."

"No use stoppin' here, it's too chilly. If we could hit a fisherman's house we might get a drop of whisky to drive the cold out," said Bill.

"I wish we could. I'm as dry as a salted 'er-rin'."

Jimmy, being hidden by the tree and the gloom of the night, was not observed by the pair of rascals. After hearing their conversation the Wall Street lad had no desire to make any inquiries of them. It was clear they were strangers in the vicinity, too, and as he had a couple of dollars in his pocket he had no wish to lose the money, not to speak of being roughly handled into the bargain. As the pair pushed their way through the hedge a small, shadowy figure bounded through the opposite hedge and came across the road with a light step. She was a girl of about fifteen, plainly dressed and hugging a shawl about her head and shoulders.

"Dash my wig, but 'ere's a gal," said Sammy.

"We'll head her off and see if she can put us wise to the nearest house," said Bill. "She lives somewhere around here and must know all the people. Hold on there, miss, I want to see you!" he called out.

The girl stopped, with an ejaculation of surprise.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"Two very respectable gents who 'ave lost their way, my hangel," answered Sammy. "This 'ere gent is Bill Collins, and my name is Sam 'Oskins. Some day we're goin' to hopen a bank, if we're

lucky. Now you know us, tell us your name and where you live."

"My name is Jennie Freeman, and I live with my grandmother in a cottage over in that direction," and she waved her arm whence she had come.

"You've got somethin' in your hand, miss. What is it?"

"Nothing," replied the girl, drawing back in some alarm.

"That won't do," said Bill, reaching forward and grabbing her by the arm.

"Don't stop me, please don't. I'm in a hurry!" cried the girl, struggling to release herself.

"Open your hand and let me see what's in it," said Bill roughly.

"No, no!" protested the girl.

"Grab her hand and force it open, Sammy, while I hold her," said Bill.

"Help! help!" cried the girl, struggling.

"Shut up, you little minx, or I'll——"

That is as far as Bill Collins got. Jimmy West darted out from behind the tree and smashed him with all his force under the ear, sending him staggering forward into the road.

"Run, miss, run!" cried Jimmy. "I'll stand the rascals off."

The girl did not wait to be told twice, but darted off down the road in a twinkling and was soon out of sight.

CHAPTER II.—The Returned Sailor.

The sudden and unexpected appearance of Jimmy staggered Sammy Hoskins and he started to run. Taking advantage of this fact, and the temporary unsetting of the man Bill, Jimmy, deciding that prudence was the better part of valor under the circumstances, darted into the hedge. He didn't go any further, for he was on the wrong side of the road, and thought he might as well wait there for the men to go off. Finding that he was not chased, Sammy stopped a short distance off. Bill, after swearing some and looking around in vain for the person who hit him, began calling his companion. That young man thereupon mustered up the courage to rejoin him.

"Who in thunder hit me?" roared Bill.

"Blessed if I know," said Sammy. "I didn't get a good look at him, but he wasn't very big."

"He wasn't big?" howled Bill. "Why, I thought a hoss kicked me."

"I guess he hit you with a club," said Sammy.

"No, he didn't. He hit me with his fist. Hang the luck! The girl got away and I'll bet she had some money in her hand. We'd have had it only for——"

He was interrupted by the rollicking sound of a man's voice coming down the road. He was evidently feeling good, for he was singing at intervals.

"Jack, you lop-sided swab, I believe you've taken a drop too much," said the oncoming stranger to himself, in a loud tone. "After being away three years on foreign stations you can't go home from the station without stopping at a saloon and housing your jib, and I planned to give my old mother and my dear little Jenny a pleasant surprise and fill their laps with my pay, like a decent returned wanderer."

"Oh, cricky!" cried Sammy. "'E's got three years' pay in his pocket. Did you 'ear that, Bill?"

"Did I? I should say I did. We'll help circulate it for him."

At this point the stranger saw the rascally pair in the road.

"Hello, shipmates!"

"Hello, yourself!" said Bill.

"Glad to meet you, me rollickin' one. What ship do you 'ail from?"

"Who are you, my hearty?" asked the stranger.

"Me? Sammy 'Oskins. A friend of hall sailors, so 'elp me Bob."

"Come now, that's hearty. Tip us your flipper."

"Wow!" ejaculated the English chap as the sailor gripped his hand in a vise.

"What's the matter, shipmate?"

"You 'urt me 'and. You've got a grip like a bobby."

"Shut up, you fool!" said Bill. "So you're a sailor home from the sea, are you?" he said to the stranger. "What's your name, and where do you live?"

"My name is Jack Freeman, and my old mother and my little daughter live in a cottage yonder. I'm bound there as fast as I can go."

"Oh, crickey! 'E's the little gal's parent," said Sammy. "What a lucky thing it was she ran away before 'e came along!"

"What's that you say, shipmate?" asked Jack.

"Nothin'. I was just talkin' to meself."

"Well, my hearties, you're strangers to me. I suppose you've come to live around here since I went away, three years ago?"

"Nothin' more certain, my seafarin' friend. Where did you live—yonder? We live that way, too. So if you don't object to our company we'll go a part of the way with you. Come on."

"Object? Of course I don't. You're neighbors of mine, you say, so I'm glad to meet you. Will you have a drink? I've got a pocket pistol I brought with me from the saloon near the station. You're welcome to help yourselves."

"Oh, mother! You couldn't 'ave hofferred us hanythin' that 'ud suited us better. We're most froze to the bone after our walk from the lock-hup."

"Blame you, you'll spoil everythin'!" said Bill, punching his companion in the ribs. "Thank you, my friend, we'll be glad to drink your health," he added to the returned sailor.

Collins took a long swig at the pocket flask and then passed it to his companion, who wiped the opening off with his sleeve and took a drink himself.

"Cut it short," said Bill, snatching the flask away from him. "Did you think the gent made you a present of it?"

He took a second drink himself and handed it back to the sailor.

"Here's looking at you, my hearties," said Jack, taking a drink and then putting the flask in his pocket.

"Now we'll get on," said Bill. "Lead the way, my nautical friend."

He seized the sailor by one arm, while Sammy grabbed him by the other, and in this order they started into the hedge. Jimmy came out in the road, fully resolved to follow them. Just then a light shadow came up the road

"Here's the little girl again," thought the Wall Street boy. "I must stop her and tell her that her father has got home and is in bad hands. She will be able to get assistance to save him."

Jenny Freeman came rapidly up the road, and she looked warily around for the two men who had stopped her. Not seeing any one, she took courage and started for the hedge.

"Hold on, miss!" cried Jimmy.

She uttered a cry of terror and started to run.

"Don't run, Miss Freeman," said Jimmy.

On hearing her name she stopped.

"Who are you?" she asked, in trembling tones.

"A friend. I saved you from being robbed by those two rascals."

She uttered an ejaculation of surprise and pleasure and waited for him to approach.

"I thank you very much," she said gratefully.

"You are a stranger, aren't you? What brings you in this neighborhood?"

"I belong in New York. My name is Jimmy West. I came down on an errand to the gentleman who lives at Sea Crest Villa—Mr. Jackson. In returning to the station I took the wrong road at the fork and it brought me out here. I was looking for a short cut to the village when those men attacked you. But we mustn't stay here. Your father has come home and is in——"

"My father!" screamed Jenny. "Has he really come? How do you know?" she asked eagerly.

"He came down the road after you ran away and the two rascals stopped him."

"Oh, dear! Did they attack him?" she cried anxiously.

"No. They went off with him a moment ago. He has three years' pay in his pocket and they intend to rob him of it. I'm going to follow them and stop them. You must run and get help."

"Poor father! That's a failing of his. But we must save him. You will do all you can, won't you?" she said earnestly.

"You can depend on me, Miss Freeman. I'll stand by your father at every risk."

"You're so good. I'll never forget you—never!"

They went on hurriedly, trying to catch up with the returned sailor and his rascally companions.

"Is there any place around here where they could take your father so that if he should shout for help his cries wouldn't be heard?" asked Jimmy.

"There's a story-and-a-half cottage a little further on that is vacant, though the furniture is in it. It belongs to a fisherman who lost his wife a month ago. He's gone to live with his brother at the other end of the bluff, and his cottage is for rent, furnished. They might get in there by the back way."

At that moment they heard voices ahead of them.

"There they are now," said Jimmy. "We're in time. We'll creep a bit closer and then you must hurry on and get a couple of men to come to your father's aid."

So they pushed their way forward, taking care to make as little noise as possible.

CHAPTER III.—The Blow That Went Wrong.

In the meanwhile the rascally pair, with Jack Freeman in tow, reached the unoccupied cottage

mentioned by Jenny. On the front door was a rude sign which ran as follows: "To Let. Apply for key at Tom Jenkins." Bill saw the sign on the door, struck a match and looked at it.

"Well, I'll be jiggered if that joker, Tom Jenkins, ain't gone and slapped a to let on our shebang," he said, with an air of pretended disgust. "What do you think of that, Sammy?" he added, digging his pal in the ribs as a hint to fall in with the scheme he had in mind. Sammy was a slow thinker, but the dig in the ribs brightened him up and he said:

"Well, dash my wig, but that there is the limit."

Bill tore down the sign and felt in his pocket for an imaginary key to open the door.

"So this is where you live, my hearties, is it?" said the unsuspecting Jack.

"This is the identical shack. Did I give you the key, Sammy?"

"Blame me, if I know," replied Sammy, making a bluff to find the key himself. "If you did I must 'ave lost it hout of this 'ere 'ole in me jacket."

"That's fine, isn't it. Now how are we goin' to get in?"

"Oh, that's heasy. I've a jim——"

Bill yanked him around before he could finish his sentence, which was that he had a jimmy in his pocket with which he could pry the door open in no time.

"Go to the rear and see if you can get in," he said. "That mouth of yours will be the ruin of us," he added, in a whisper.

"I guess I'll go on my way, shipmate," said Jack, as Sammy disappeared around the corner of the little cottage.

"Don't hurry," said Bill, catching him by the arm. "You treated us to a drink and we want to return the compliment."

At that moment Sammy unbolted the front door and opened it.

"All's serene," he said. "Walk in and make yourselves at 'ome, as the hold woman said to her twin pigs."

Jack allowed himself to be led in, and then Sammy quietly bolted the door. Bill struck another match and looked around. He saw a lamp standing on the shelf over the open fireplace and he took it down and lit it, placing it on the table in the center of the room.

"Sit down, my friend," said Bill. "You'll excuse our humble surroundings, but, you see, we ain't bloated bondholders, so we can't put on any style."

"Nobody puts on style down here, shipmate, though I guess you must have picked out the worst house in the neighborhood."

"It was the only one we could get at any price. All the others were occupied."

"Were they now?"

"'Tisn't always the look of the house that's to be depended on, it's what's in it," said Bill.

"That's right, my hearty. I'd rather shake an honest man by the flipper if he had but one suit to his back, and that threadbare, than take my hat off to some fine folks who are rolling in riches," said Jack.

Bill's eyes roved around the room and he spied a club in a corner. He walked over and got it, the sailor's back being turned to him. Jimmy,

who was watching through the window all that was transpiring inside, saw what he was about and realized that the critical moment had arrived. Sammy was trying to keep the sailor's attention engaged so as to give his pal the chance to get in his work. Bill shortly approached the returned mariner. He raised the club to knock the man on the head when there came a loud rapping on the door. Jimmy had slipped around there and was making the noise. Then he got back to the window to see Jack Freeman standing up and a look of consternation on the faces of the rascals.

"You've a visitor. Why don't you open the door?" said Jack.

"It ain't no visitor," growled Bill, who was quick witted. "It's that Jenkins tryin' to throw a scare into us. He's up to them tricks all the time."

"If it's Jenkins I'll be glad to see him," said Jack, moving toward the door.

"Stop him!" hissed Bill to Sammy.

"Blow hout the light and let 'im 'ave it," returned Sammy.

Bill turned down the light and then blew it out. Jimmy, guessing what was coming, picked up a stone and smashed in the window just as Bill aimed a blow in the dark at the sailor. The crash of the glass so startled Sammy that he sprang backward, knocking Jack Freeman out of the way. Swish! went the club, and down went the English thief as if struck by lightning. Bill felt the blow land and heard the fall. As no sound followed except an ejaculation from the sailor, which Bill mistook as coming from his companion, the fellow thought all was right.

"Quick, Sammy, we'll go through his pockets and light out by the back way while the visitor is trying to get in at the front," he said.

Jimmy heard his words and his heart jumped into his mouth.

"I'll see that they don't get away by the back door," he thought, and rushed around there to block their escape.

When Jack Freeman heard Bill's words the truth of the situation struck him as quick as a flash. He had heard the dull thud of the blow and the fall behind him right after Sammy had given him the accidental shove, and he realized that the young fellow had caught the crack intended for himself. He heard Bill step forward and stoop down to secure the money of his victim. He bent down himself and seized the rascal in his strong grasp.

"So, my hearty, this is your hospitality, is it?" he said. "This is the time you've slipped up."

Bill uttered a cry of surprise and consternation.

"You!" he cried. "What in thunder——"

"Keep quiet or I'll knock seven kinds of daylight into your hide!" said Jack. "You're taken all aback, like a ship struck by a sudden gale, are you? You don't understand why I ain't stretched out on the floor by the blow you sent in my direction. Then I'll tell you, you piratical swab! You hit the wrong person. The crack intended for me landed on your pal and now you're in my power."

His words apprised Bill of the truth of the situation, though it did not explain how he had come to lay out his companion instead of their

intended victim. Jack Freeman thought he had Bill where the shoe pinches. But the ruffian was not easily subdued. Indeed, he was never more dangerous than when driven into a hole. The result was that a desperate struggle took place between the men. From the sounds that reached Jimmy's ears the boy saw that matters had not altogether gone in the way he supposed they had. A scrap of some proportions was going on in the room.

Here was the chance for him to chip in and even matters up. So through the partly open back door he entered the kitchen annex, and went through into the room where the trouble was progressing. The labored breathing of the men and the tense imprecations of Bill proved that it was some fight. Taking a match from his pocket, he struck it and when the flame lighted up the scene he was surprised to see only Freeman and Bill Collins grappled in a hand-to-hand struggle, while Sammy lay motionless on the floor, with a streak of blood on the side of his head.

Quickly lighting the lamp and turning up the wick, he jumped in and laid hold of Bill. With Jimmy's help Freeman soon subdued the ruffian and got him down on the floor, where he held him in spite of his struggles. Jimmy picked up a piece of line lying in a corner and wound it around the rascal's body, pinning his arms to his side. That settled Bill. At that moment Jenny arrived with three fishermen to her father's aid, but this strong reinforcement was not needed as matters stood. Jimmy's nerve had once more put a spoke in the wheels of the rascally pair.

CHAPTER IV.—Back in Wall Street.

"Father! Dear, dear father!" cried Jenny, springing into his arms.

"Jenny!" exclaimed the returned sailor, giving her a hug and several kisses and then holding her at arms' length. "My, how big you've grown!" he said. "Why, when I left home you were only a mite of a thing!"

"What nonsense!" she exclaimed. "I was twelve years old and a big girl, almost as big as I am now."

"And how is mother—your grandma?"

"She is well and will be so surprised and pleased to see you home."

"I'll bet she will. But I came near being done up before I reached anchorage by a couple of as black-muzzled swabs as one would meet in a long day's journey. Look at them. If matters hadn't slipped with him I'd be lying there in the place of that chap. In the dark he caught the foul blow intended for my head. Then this young fellow appeared in the nick of time to help me finish things up in good style," said Freeman. "I haven't thanked you, my lad," he added to Jimmy, "but I do so now. Give us your flipper."

"He saved you, father. He's a brave boy," said Jenny.

"Saved me! Not exactly that, my girl, but he done his part," said the sailor.

Freeman changed his mind about that when he learned how large a factor Jimmy had proved

himself in the case. And when he also heard how Jimmy had befriended Jenny from the same rascals before he came down the road he declared that the young New Yorker was a brick. Freeman recognized two of the fishermen as old acquaintances, and, of course, they remembered him before he shipped in the navy at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War.

"These chaps will have to be carried to the lock-up at the village," said the sailor.

"What's the use of taking 'em to-night?" said one of the fishermen. "We can tie them up in this place and in the morning one of us will go over and tell the head constable to come after them in his wagon."

That plan was decided on, and so Bill was securely fastened to the staircase, while the unconscious Hoskins was bound hand and foot and left on the floor. Then the light was put out and the party left the cottage. The whole party proceeded to the Freeman cottage, which was one of the best in the neighborhood. It was painted white, with green blinds, and was surrounded by a white paling which enclosed a vegetable patch in the rear and a flower garden in front. It was too early in the year for either of the gardens to be in bloom, while the building itself showed the effects of many years of hard weather.

Jack received a great welcome from his old mother, and Jimmy shared in it when Mrs. Freeman learned how much he had done that night for her son and grandchild. As Jack was hungry, a supper was prepared for him, and Jimmy, though not hungry, sat up and partook of a cup of tea to be sociable. He introduced himself more particularly to the Freeman household, explaining how he was employed in Wall Street for a stock broker, and was getting on fine. The rest of the evening, till after eleven, was passed listening to Jack's account of his sailing experience in the navy. Finally all hands retired for the night, Jimmy bunking in with Jack in the front chamber on the second floor. The windows commanded a view of the ocean and the revolving light on Coffin Rock. The strangeness of his surroundings kept Jimmy awake a long time after the tired sailor had fallen asleep.

It was a new experience to him to hear the wind from the sea whistling around his bedroom and hear the rollcall of the surf on the shore a short distance away. But he fell asleep at last and slumbered like a top till he was aroused by Jack in the morning. While he was dressing himself, Jimmy caught frequent glimpses of the weather-beaten shaft of the lighthouse, with the sun-kissed stretch of water between it and the shore. The gruesome history of Raccoon Beach and Coffin Rock shoals he learned at breakfast. They were nearly through the meal when one of the fishermen who had been brought to the Jenkins cottage the night before by Jenny arrived and informed them that the two rascals had managed to get free somehow and had made their escape.

"That's too bad," said Jack. "I wanted to make those chaps sweat for attacking Jenny and myself."

They hurriedly finished breakfast and prepared to depart for the village. Jenny was sorry to lose her new friend so soon, but Jimmy

promised to come down some Saturday in the near future and stay till Sunday night. As Jack and Jimmy were on the point of starting, another of the fishermen brought the news that his small sloop, moored in a creek close to his cottage, was gone. The padlock which had held the mooring chain to the iron ring in the bows was broken and that showed the boat had been stolen.

"Those rascals have taken the boat," said Jack. "They had no money to pay their way on the railroad, and as walking was slow work they've hooked your craft and gone off in her."

"Nobody else around here would take it," said the fisherman.

"As they escaped from the village lock-up the constables ought to be told about their subsequent movements as far as we know," said Jimmy.

So the fisherman went away to borrow a boat and enlist two or three of his friends in the chase, while Jimmy, after bidding Jenny and her grandmother good-by, started with Jack for the railroad station. Jimmy walked into the office at a little after eleven that morning, and went into the private room to explain to Mr. Hazard the reason why he was late in showing up after his trip down in New Jersey.

He knew it would be all right, and so it was, and shortly afterward he was out on the street on an errand. He had left his address with Jack Freeman, and the sailor had promised to let him know if the two rascals were caught. Two days later he got a letter from Jack. This informed him that the men had made good their escape. The fisherman had found his boat twenty miles up the coast where it was abandoned by the rascals. They had landed at the village, secured something to eat, and then disappeared. Where they had gone no one knew. Thus matters stood two weeks after Jimmy's night adventure.

CHAPTER V.—In the Tenement District.

It was about this time that a boom came in L. & M. stock, and business became unusually lively in Wall Street. Jimmy had been quietly speculating for a long time whenever he saw what he thought was a good chance to make a little money on the side. He had been pretty lucky, as a whole, though his deals were naturally small ones, owing to the limited amount of money he had to trade on. None of his deals was made through a regular broker, but at a little brokerage and banking house on Nassau street which catered to small speculators.

Up to the time he went on his errand to Sea Crest Villa in New Jersey he had accumulated \$600 through his speculative ventures, and \$500 of this he put up on 50 shares of L. & M. on margin, at 85, when he saw it was rising. In a few days the price was up to 90, and Jimmy was \$250 ahead in prospect. Ordinarily, he would have sold out at that profit, but he heard that a syndicate was at the back of the L. & M. rise, and he decided to hold on for a higher figure.

Whether the rumor were true or not, the stock continued to go up until it hit 100, at which stage Jimmy concluded he had better sell, and

did. He made a profit of \$750, which more than doubled his little capital. When he started to speculate a year and a half before on \$50 he saved up, the possibility of his ever accumulating \$1,000 seemed very remote. Now he was worth that, with \$350 in addition. This was a lot of money for a boy in his circumstances to be worth, for his mother was a comparatively poor window, who kept a little candy and stationery store on the ground floor of a big tenement house in a poor neighborhood.

She also sold morning and afternoon papers off a little stand at her door, though Jimmy attended to it most of the time. He had to get up early to get the supply of morning papers, most of which he sold before he went to business. A boy in the tenement house went for the early afternoon editions and received a nickel daily for his trouble. Jimmy brought the later issues on his way home, and went after the still later ones when they were due at the corner, some blocks away, where the wagons stopped to hand them out to small dealers and newsboys in lots to suit.

All the boys in the block, of course, knew Jimmy and were friendly with him, for they considered him a good fellow. Jimmy, for reasons of policy, was hail-fellow-well-met with all of them, and with most of their fathers and many of their mothers, though he did not regard the society of the majority of them as particularly elevating. Some of these lads worked steadily at shops in lower New York; some were out of work a part of their time, and some had a chronic aversion to work at all. The latter bunch, as may be surmised, were more or less disreputable. They haunted the poolrooms at the back of the cheap beer saloons, or loafed about the neighborhood, occasionally making Rome howl, and getting chased by the cop on the beat.

Jimmy hated to be seen talking with any of them, but he couldn't avoid it when they came around the store, which they only did occasionally when they knew he was outside selling afternoon papers. He kept in with them to avoid trouble. If one of them took a grouch against him or his mother, likely as not a stone would find its way through the store window. Other shopkeepers in the neighborhood had suffered that way, and the guilty one was always foxy and spry enough to avoid recognition and capture.

About the time that Jimmy fetched his latest batch of papers his supper was ready and he went in to eat it, while his mother took his place. Their living rooms were directly in the rear of the store—rather dingy ones they were. Hardly any light got into the two little bedrooms, the small windows of which opened on a narrow shaft that was little better than a large-sized chimney. The kitchen and living room was the last of the three, and had a window looking out into a dirty back yard of contracted dimensions, paved with flagstones. This yard was little better than a passageway to the rear tenement behind, the six stories of which helped shut off a good part of the light of day. Children played there all day long in bare feet and mended clothes.

A shoemaker occupied one of the ground-floor

apartments facing the west kitchen, and he was always to be seen at his solitary window, working at his trade. When he wasn't pounding on a shoe, which lay upon a stone in his lap, he was pounding his wife or one of his large family of small children, so that there was always plenty of noise coming out of his place. When Jimmy sat down to his supper a dim gas jet shone in the cobbler's workshop. The man himself was alternately pounding a shoe and wrangling with a customer over the price of a job.

After supper Jimmy looked out of the window. Coming across the yard from the rear tenement was a man with a hard-looking face. When he got closer Jimmy uttered an ejaculation. He recognized the man as Bill Collins.

CHAPTER VI.—Jimmy Spoils the Plans of Bill and Sammy Again.

"Great Scott! I wonder what brings that fellow here?" Jimmy asked himself, as the rascal vanished from his sight into the hallway leading to the street.

The boy felt that if he met the man, and the fellow learned he lived there, trouble was likely to follow. The ruffian would try to get square for the part he (Jimmy) had taken in his capture down at Raccoon Beach. The fact that he and his pal had made their escape before they could be landed in jail would not soften his animosity. When Jimmy returned to the store to relieve his mother he looked out and up and down the street, but Bill Collins was not in sight.

"I hope he won't turn up here again," thought the boy.

The fact that he had been there once was an indication that he might come around again.

"He probably is acquainted with somebody in the rear tenement and called to see him," said Jimmy to himself.

Later on, when the night policeman came down the street, Jimmy stopped him and told him about Collins.

"It would be hard to tell where he is hanging out," said the cop. "Is he wanted in New Jersey?"

"They'd like to see him down at Topsail Village and Raccoon Beach," replied Jimmy.

"I guess they're not likely to see him there again," said the officer, who then passed on.

After that Jimmy kept a sharp eye out for the crook, but he didn't see him. Next morning Old Hazard sent him with a note to the president of a big bank. The president was engaged with a visitor when he got there, and he had to wait. Two gentlemen came into the waiting room who also had business with the president of the bank. They stood by a window not far from Jimmy and conversed together in a low tone of voice. Jimmy's sharp ears caught a good bit of their conversation, and he found out that they were heavily interested in K. & C.

"I got the tip to sell a while ago," said one, "that's why I'm here to get out a part of my stock which I've hypothecated with the bank. As soon as I sell that, I'll take out another lot, and the sale of that will enable me to redeem the balance. I advise you to get from under.

too, for there is no telling when the wind will blow the other way."

"Who did you get the pointer from?" asked the other.

"A friend of mine who is on the inside. The combine that is behind the stock have already begun to unload."

"Well, I was told by a person I have confidence in that the price would go to 85, and I expected to hold on for that figure."

"If you do you are liable to get stuck."

That is all Jimmy heard, for the president was now disengaged and the boy was shown in. He delivered his note, which contained also a certified check. The president sent for a package of stock. As soon as it was brought to him from the vault, he handed it to Jimmy and the boy carried it back to the office, handing it over to his employer.

"Wait a moment, Jimmy," said Old Hazard.

He opened the package and the errand boy saw that it held several certificates of K. & C. Old Hazard put them in his private safe, wrote a note and told Jimmy to take it to his representative at the Exchange. Jimmy suspected that the note contained directions to sell the stock. When he got to the Exchange he saw by the blackboard that K. & C. was going at 80 and a fraction. He decided to sell his shares and take no more risk on the deal.

On his way back to the office he ran up to the little bank and ordered his deal closed out right away.

The clerk nodded, handed him an order to sign, and then the boy returned to the office, to be sent out again almost directly. Jimmy felt uncommonly good as he skipped along, for he figured that he had made \$1,500 more.

"I'm worth nearly \$3,000 now. I shall insist that mother sell the store and move uptown. I'll tell her I will pay the rent of any place she picks out," he said.

His errand took him down Exchange place to an office near Hanover street. The elevator took him up to the third floor. The office he was going to was in the back. As he drew near a cross-corridor he heard a voice that sounded familiar to him.

"Oh, I say, Bill, what's the use of takin' chances? Somebody's sure to come along and catch us just as we nail the topper. It's too risky," said the voice.

"Shut up, you chump! Here he comes now. When he passes us, I'll hand him a tap on the bean. Then you catch him so he won't hit the floor. Then we'll go through him in a brace of shakes. If any one comes on us, we'll say the gent had a fit, or somethin' of that sort, and that we're holdin' him up. Get ready now."

It was Bill who spoke last, and Jimmy knew that some piece of rascality was in the wind. He peered around the corner and saw a gentleman coming toward him. Midway between them stood Bill and his pal, Sammy, both dressed in good clothes. Evidently they had struck luck since shaking the dust of New Jersey from their shoes. Bill held his hand behind his back, and from his fingers dangled a slungshot.

"I'll spoil their game," said Jimmy.

He rushed into the corridor just as Sammy

Hoskins stopped the gentleman and asked him the time. As the man pulled out his watch, Bill swung his weapon.

"Look out, sir!" cried Jimmy, springing forward and catching the rascal's descending arm.

He could not wholly arrest the blow, but he broke its force. The weapon struck the gentleman on the shoulder instead of on the head, and he turned to face his assailant. Seeing that the game was up, Sammy took to his heels and escaped, leaving Bill to get out of trouble as best he could. The ruffian recognized the boy.

"You!" he cried.

Then, with a fierce imprecation, he struck Jimmy in the face with his left fist, sending him staggering against the gentleman he had saved, and made off down the corridor, making his escape by the back way.

"I'm much indebted to you, my lad," said the gentleman. "It is evident that you saved me from a knockout blow. That was the nerviest piece of business those chaps worked that I've heard of in some time. To down a man with, no doubt, the intent of robbing him in the corridor of a big building like this is certainly the limit, and shows to what lengths some criminals will go to make a haul. It is too bad we could not prevent them getting away."

"I know who they are. One is Bill Collins and the other is an Englishman named Sammy Hoskins," said Jimmy.

"How did you learn their identity?"

"I ran across them down on the New Jersey coast about a month ago. They were little better than tramps then, but now they're dressed up."

"Are you sure they're the same men?"

"I'm positive."

"Come with me back to the office I just left and I'll telephone the police. You can furnish the rascals' descriptions."

Jimmy accompanied the gentleman to the office and the police were soon in possession of the facts and a fair description of the guilty pair.

"Here's my card. Come around to my office this afternoon about four," said the gentleman.

Jimmy said he would, and they parted. On his return to the office, Jimmy told Old Hazard about the incident.

"Who was the gentleman?" asked his employer.

The boy pulled out the card and handed it to him.

"William Bronson," read the old man. "One of the biggest operators of Wall Street. I know him. He isn't the man to forget a service. What did he say to you?"

"Very little, for he had an important engagement to keep, but he told me to call at his office to-day at four."

"You must go and see him."

"I intend to."

Jimmy went to the bank with the day's deposits at ten minutes of three, as usual, attended to two or three other errands, and got off for the day at twenty minutes of four. Mr. Bronson's office was in one of the new tall buildings in Wall street, on the fifth floor. It consisted of a suite of three rooms. The first was a re-

ception room, the middle one was occupied by a couple of clerks and a stenographer, while the inner room was the operator's private sanctum.

No visitor got farther than the outer room unless his business was with the cashier, when the office boy admitted him to the second room, or he had an appointment with Mr. Bronson, or his business was of sufficient importance for the operator to grant him an interview. When Jimmy walked into the waiting room, the office boy asked him what he wanted.

"I came to see Mr. Bronson."

"What is your business with him?"

"He told me to call at four o'clock."

"What's your name?"

Jimmy told him. The office boy went to a telephone switch box that stood on the table where he sat when not engaged, and, moving a metal finger, held a brief converse with somebody at the other end of the wire.

"Follow me," he said to the visitor, and Jimmy accompanied him into the sanctum of the big operator.

CHAPTER VII.—Jimmy Refuses to Accept Money.

"Glad to see you, Jimmy West," said Bronson, who was seated at his desk, offering his hand to his young visitor. "Sit down here."

Jimmy took the seat beside the desk and remarked he had called as he had promised to do.

"I think you told me that you were errand boy and messenger for John Hazard, 'Old Hazard,' as he is generally known?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been with him?"

"Three years."

"You live in the city, I suppose?"

"Yes; on the lower East Side, but hope to move to Harlem soon."

"Live with your parents, I presume?"

"With my mother. My father is dead."

"Now, about those rascals whose plans you upset, thereby putting me under a great obligation to you, tell me how you came to run across them in New Jersey."

Jimmy narrated his night's adventure at Raccoon Beach. The gentleman listened to his recital with great interest.

You appear to have interfered considerably with the operations of those rascals," he said. "You are clearly a plucky lad. Now I want to know how I can serve you? You have done me a great favor. I desire to return it in some suitable way. Will you permit me to present you with my check for \$500 to put in the bank as a nest-egg?"

"I'd rather you wouldn't. I don't want to be paid for what I did for you. It was my duty to prevent, if possible, those men from knocking you out and robbing you afterward. Having succeeded in doing so, your thanks are a sufficient reward," replied Jimmy.

"Then I must find some other way of expressing my appreciation. At any rate, you will consider me as a friend, and should you at any time need a favor I shall be glad to have you call upon me, and I will grant it if within my power."

That closed the interview and Jimmy took his

leave. The story of the attack on William Bronson in the corridor of the office building was in all the afternoon papers under a big heading, for the operator was a man of power and importance in Wall Street, and the part Jimmy enacted in saving him from the two crooks was duly set forth. Among the many thousands of people who read the newspaper story that evening were Bill Collins and Sammy Hoskins, who had retired to a big rookery of evil reputation to avoid the detectives they knew were out looking for them. One of Bill's friends fetched him an evening paper and pointed to the story which concerned him and Sammy.

"It was one of them Wall Street messenger kids that queered you," he said.

Bill uttered a violent expletive.

"I know him. He queered us once before down in Jersey. I'd like to get even with him somehow."

"I'll get even with 'im if I hever get me flukes on 'im," said Sammy.

"Bah! You're talkin' through your hat!" snorted Bill. "Why didn't you do somethin' today, instead of cuttin' your luck and leavin' me in the lurch? You've got no more backbone than a jelly fish."

"What was the good of me doin' anythin' when you missed your man? We'd 'ad the 'ole buildin' on to us ef we 'adn't made tracks. I told you it was bloomin' risky business to tackle a gent in such a public place. We was lucky to get haff."

Bill read the newspaper story through.

"That blamed kid's name and address are given in the paper. He lives only a few blocks from here. I wonder if he couldn't be decoyed to this place? I'm down on him worse'n p'ison. He done us out of a sailor's three-years' pay down in Jersey. And we'd have got \$5,000 today if he hadn't butted in. If I got my hands on him I'd choke the wind out'r him," said Bill.

"Talk to Gleason about it. He might manage the business for yer if he thinks it's a safe game to work."

"I'll do it. Once the kid was fetched here we could do as we pleased with him. There's the trap in the cellar that leads to the sewer. We could give him a short shift that way. He won't be the first that's gone the route," said Bill.

"Well, I'm goin'," said the other.

"Take a drink on my account at the bar and tell Gleason to send us up another flask of whisky," said Bill, returning to the newspapers.

"What does it say about us?" asked Sammy.

"I'll read it to you," said the chief rascal.

And he started to do so as his friend left the miserable, ill-lighted room on the top floor of the rookery.

CHAPTER VIII.—Jimmy in Trouble.

Several days passed and the detectives failed to locate the hiding place of Bill Collins and his English pal. Mr. Bronson finally telephoned the detective bureau and offered a reward of \$1,000 for the capture of the two rascals. This offer stirred the sleuths up, and they renewed their hunt with more vigor than before. No mention was made in the newspapers about the reward,

was kept quiet. One morning a package was received by Jimmy, addressed to himself. This was so unusual that he wondered who had sent it, and what was in it. The easiest way to find out was to open it, and that he did. Inside he found a note from William Bronson, begging his acceptance of the watch, chain and cuff buttons he had sent him.

The watch was a dandy, worth easily \$100. The chain was quite in keeping with the watch, while the cuff buttons were on a par with both. Of course, Jimmy couldn't refuse the gift, nor had he any intention of doing so. He showed them to Old Hazard, and around the office, and everybody said they were as fine as silk.

"They're too fine for me," said Jimmy. "I mean just at present, but when I get a new Sunday suit I'll sport them around."

Jimmy was financially able to buy all the Sunday suits he wanted, but he deferred treating himself to a new one until he and his mother moved out of the neighborhood where they were living. The stylish clothes he intended to get he felt would create too much attention in the tenements, and give the impression that he and his mother had plenty of money, which he did not consider to their interest. His mother had yielded to his wishes about shifting their quarters uptown, and an advertisement had been inserted in a morning daily offering the store for sale.

Nothing was said to the neighbors about their intention of moving out of the block where they had been many years, long before Jimmy graduated from the school below the little store and went to work in Wall Street. They wished to keep it quiet until the last moment to avoid being obliged to answer the many questions that were sure to be asked as to their reasons for moving, where they were going, and similar queries.

The advertisement brought a number of persons to size up the store and get a line on the amount of business done there. Every one objected to the price asked as being too high, though the business was worth every cent that Mrs. West asked for it. All the applicants expected to get the store cheap, under the impression that the owner was obliged to sell out. Jimmy cut that notion out of the minds of those he interviewed.

"We're not giving this store away," he said to one man. "I have stated the figure we will sell at. There isn't a particle of use of you offering less, for we won't take a cent less than what I told you. We have been here over ten years and we know what the store is worth. The school down the block makes our candy business a winner. I have shown you the amount of our average weekly receipts and expenses. You see, we are making a very fair profit, and it's a steady one. Our reasons for selling are that we wish to go out of this business. I have a good position in Wall Street, and there is no longer any need of my mother keeping a store. She will keep it, however, until she gets her price."

The man said that he couldn't afford to meet the figure asked. That was only a bluff, however, but it didn't work, for Jimmy told him that there was no further use of them talking the matter over, then. The man went away, but he came back next day, about noon, to see

what he could do with Mrs. West. He saw the rush of candy trade and was satisfied the store was worth the price. All the same, he didn't want to pay it if he could help it. He did his best to make a dicker at a lower figure, but Mrs. West was firm, and he went away disappointed, but fully resolved to come back that evening and close the deal. A woman, who had called before, turned up that afternoon, and after failing to get a lower price, closed with Mrs. West at her figure and paid \$25 on account, saying she would come back on Monday, for that was Saturday, and pay the balance. So when the man returned that evening, prepared to buy the store, he found that he was out of it and he went away mad. Shortly afterward a night-hawk cab rolled slowly down the street and stopped a door away from the West store. A man stuck his head out of the door, called to a boy, and told him to tell Jimmy West he wanted to see him.

Jimmy had just carried the newspaper stand inside and was going out to see a friend when the boy brought him the message.

"A man in a cab wants to see me?" said Jimmy.

"Yes. He told me to tell you," said the urchin.

"Did he say what his name was?"

"No, he didn't say nuttin' but what I told you."

Jimmy looked out and saw the cab standing at the curb close by. Wondering who the person was who wanted to see him, he went to the cab. The man opened the door as he approached.

"Are you Jimmy West, of Wall Street?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Jimmy. "What do you want with me?"

"Step in. A gent sent me with this rig to fetch you to the Astor House."

"Who was the gentleman?"

"He didn't tell me his name. He just handed me your name and address on a slip of paper—there it is—and told me to come after you."

"What kind of looking man was he?"

"He was tall, had on good duds, and sported a big watch chain," said the man, after some hesitation.

Jimmy couldn't imagine who the person was.

"Step in," said the man again.

"Wait till I tell my mother where I'm going," Jimmy said.

He returned to the store and told his mother that somebody at the Astor House had sent a cab to take him to that hotel.

"All right, Jimmy," said his mother, who was engaged with a customer.

Jimmy returned to the cab and got in. The man slammed the door and the driver started off, but he didn't go in the direction of the Astor House. Jimmy noticed that the cab kept on instead of turning west at the next corner and called his companion's attention to the fact.

"That's all right. I've an errand up this street a little way," he said.

Jimmy didn't like his answer, and began to suspect that all was not right. When the cab still went on, he put up a kick. The man then suddenly grabbed him around the neck, bent his head back and put a rag over his face. Jimmy

now realized that something was up, and he put up such a struggle that the man had all he could do to hold him. The drug, however, got in its fine work and the Wall Street boy gradually yielded to its influence until at last he became unconscious.

The cab went on, turned down a street two blocks and finally drew up at the entrance of the "Rookery," kept by Bud Gleason. It bore a hard reputation and was an eyesore to the police. Gleason, the proprietor, was an ex-pugilist, and a tough nut generally. Every crook of any importance was on more or less friendly terms with him. If a man was "wanted," one of the first places the police looked for him was at the "Rookery," but it was a hard place to "get" anybody. As a rule, the only time the police got their man was when they got the tip from a stool pigeon. It was into this den that the unconscious Jimmy was carried—not by the open main entrance, which admitted one to the black-looking saloon, illuminated by many gas jets, innocent of globes and crowded with customers of the low-browed order—but by the side entrance.

This door gave access to a filthy hallway running back to the yard, and had a staircase leading to the second floor. An old-fashioned street lamp hung before it on which were the words, "The Rookery Hotel. Rooms by the night, week or month." That the Rookery was in any respect a hotel, except so far as to comply with the terms of the Raines Law, in a broad sense, was a fiction. It is true that Gleason rented sleeping quarters to his friends, but the renting was done at the bar only by Gleason himself.

If a stranger, with only the price, applied for a room, which seldom happened, he was told that the house was full. Occasionally a sailor or a stranger with money would be steered in there by a habitue and was accommodated with a bed. Then he was treated to a free drink, which had been doped, and he was taken upstairs through a door opening on the hallway from the barroom. In the morning he was turned adrift, minus everything of value.

If he complained at the police station house, he would be told that he had been in the worst den in town, and that the trick was worked so skillfully that it was impossible to arrest the proprietor with any chance of convicting him. The newspapers often hinted that Gleason's place was "protected." This was indignantly denied by both the captain and the inspector, and as no evidence was ever produced to prove the insinuation, the police got the benefit of the doubt. Whether the house was protected or not, Gleason's customers could only count on such protection as they got from him, which, however, was pretty good.

Despite his presumed "pull," he never ventured to stop a detective from making an arrest in his place, though he put every obstacle he could in the sleuth's way. Jimmy was carried upstairs to the hall, or landing, then up another rickety flight to another landing, and then along that to the rear, where he was deposited on a bed in a small room and the door locked on him. There he lay like a log, while, as time passed, his mother wondered why he did not come home, and would have worried a good deal over his absence if she had not gone to bed at her usual

time and fallen asleep, expecting him^e would^e come home later, for as he carried a duplicate^e of the store he would have no trouble in getting in. While Jimmy lay in his drugged sleep he had two visitors, namely, Bill Collins and Sammy Hoskins.

The former viewed the helpless boy with great satisfaction. The lad who had twice spoiled his rascally schemes was now in his power, and he intended to have revenge upon him. Just what he intended to do to the lad he had not decided on. His first intention had been to put Jimmy out of the way via the sewer trap door, through which many an unfortunate victim had passed at one time or another; but he couldn't resort to this without permission of Gleason, and that worthy put up a decided objection. The proprietor had suggested that he be put on board of some foreign-bound craft, the captain of which could be persuaded to take him. Bill said he would consider it, and there the matter rested.

"What an innocent-lookin' lamb 'e is," said Sammy. "I wonder what 'e 'as in 'is pockets? A chap what works among them bloomin' brokers and bankers ought to 'ave some money in 'is clothes."

With professional dexterity the young Englishman went through Jimmy's pockets, but his findings were not great. Jimmy carried very little money around with him. What he did carry was in his Wall Street suit, as was also his certificate of deposit for \$2,800. Jimmy always changed his clothes when he got home, for the attire he wore at business he regarded as too good to wear around the store.

"What a sell!" said Sammy, in a tone of disgust. "'E ain't got nothin' to speak hof. A bob and a tanner in Hamerican coin," showing a quarter and a dime.

"What's the odds?" growled Bill. "It ain't money, but revenge, we're lookin' for."

"You can 'ave the revenge, Bill, but give me the money hevery time," said Sammy.

"Come along. We'll come back in the mornin' when he has his senses and then we'll tell him a few things to make him happy."

He pulled his companion out of the room, locked the door and the rascally pair returned to their quarters upstairs.

CHAPTER IX.—Jimmy's Nervy Escape.

Several hours passed and then Jimmy began to stir. The effect of the drug was wearing off. The boy's system resisted its insidious workings to some extent, as he was strong and healthy. His enemies counted on it holding him helpless till morning. It worked that way with most persons. Feeling certain that they had him dead to rights, they gave him no further thought. About three o'clock Jimmy opened his eyes. He did not make a move to get up, but simply stared into the darkness.

His brain was dazed and his senses still under the influence of the drug to some extent. Gradually his mind began to clear and the first sensation he experienced was a kind of mild wonder. There was a buzzing feeling in his head, as if

It were a beehive full of industrious honey-makers. Jimmy's vague impression was that he was in bed at home and somebody in the next house was running a machine which he had never heard before.

As everything was dark around him, his eyes could not make out his changed surroundings, and so he lay and listened, wondering what kind of machine it was and why it was being run at that late hour, for he felt it must be late or he wouldn't be in bed. The sound of the supposed machine did not hold one strain, but changed around to different keys, sometimes high and sometimes low. The sound was so odd that Jimmy began to wonder if it was a machine at all. It sounded more like steam escaping from a radiator. It couldn't be that, of course, for there was no steam in any of the buildings.

While the boy was figuring out the strange phenomenon, which seemed to be getting farther and farther away, he suddenly remembered his experience in the cab. Immediately he thought he was still in the grip of his enemy, and he commenced to struggle desperately. To his surprise he met with no resistance and stopped. Then he sat up and looked around him. The buzz of the presumed machine was quite faint now, and he realized that the sound was in his head, which felt a bit light and queer.

"I wonder if I dreamed about that cab?" he thought. "I don't usually have a nightmare like that. I don't remember going to bed, or closing up the store, or—why, I've got my clothes on!" he ejaculated, in surprise. "That's funny! I'm lying on my bed, fully dressed. I'll swear I never did that before, no matter how tired I was when I started to turn in."

Such an unusual occurrence made Jimmy think harder than ever. He couldn't figure the thing out, so he got up and reached for his match safe, where it hung on the wall of his little room. His hand touched the wall, but his fingers did not encounter the match safe. He felt around for it, but failed to find it. That was another odd circumstance, so he finally put his hand in his pocket where he usually carried half a dozen matches.

Striking one of them, he gave a gasp when the light flared up and he saw that he was not in his own room at home, but in a strange one, furnished with a cheap cot, a metal washstand, with a metal bowl and pitcher, and one cheap-looking chair.

"Great Scott! Where am I at?" he asked himself, much bewildered.

There was a gas jet projecting from the wall and the boy lighted it. The truth came over him now. His experience in the cab was no dream, but a stern reality. He had been brought to that room for some reason which he could not understand. That he was in a mighty cheap-grade building he judged from the room, the walls of which were covered with a common kind of paper that had become discolored through time, and which had peeled off in a dozen spots. The ceiling was dull and smoky-looking, with a break in one corner. Decidedly, the room was a tough one, and Jimmy's first move was to endeavor to get out of it, but he found that the door was locked. That fact showed him he was a prisoner.

"I'm up against it for fair," he muttered. "I'd like to know why I was brought here. The fellow responsible for my coming didn't make any mistake in the matter, for he asked me if I was Jimmy West, of Wall Street. I'll swear I never met him before, and it's clear he didn't know me or he wouldn't have asked me that question. Well, how am I going to make my escape from this place? I'll take a look from the window."

He turned the gas low down and looked out of the window. Everything was dark and silent outside, but he could make out the outlines of a long row of buildings, with a dark void between himself and them. He tried the window and found it opened easily enough. Sticking out his head, he saw a fire escape close by.

"If I can reach that, perhaps I can get clear away," said Jimmy. "As it leads down to the yard, it is a question whether I'll be able to find an open passageway to the street. By going from one yard to another I might get out."

The fire escape, however, was out of his reach. Jimmy flashed a match to see if there was any way, partial or otherwise, of getting to it. The stone coping of the window only extended three inches beyond the window. Beyond that was a break of three feet to the escape. The only way of reaching it was to stand on the coping, clinging to the outside of the window sashes for support, and then to leap the intervening distance, sideways. It was a mighty risky feat to attempt, particularly in the dark, for the stones of the yard lay sixty feet below. But that was the only way Jimmy could leave his prison, and after considering the matter for some minutes he decided to take the chance, which showed that the Wall Street boy's nerve was well up to par.

He pulled down the upper sash a couple of inches and raised the lower one even with it. Then he stepped cautiously out on the coping, grasped the tops of the two sashes and shoved them down flush with the sill. That left him standing outside, holding onto them. He walked to the end of the coping, leaned out while retaining his balance with one hand, and then sprang for the fire escape. He did the act with coolness and deliberation, with no thought of the perilous gulf he was crossing like a winged Mercury. Under such circumstances the feat was not so very difficult. At any rate, Jimmy made it successfully, and a moment later was standing inside of the escape.

"That was easy, after all," he said to himself. "Now shall I descend to the yard or try to re-enter the building through this window, and endeavor to reach the street by way of the stairs? I'm afraid it's a bit dangerous, for though I see no lights up here, I might run against some rascal inside who would be likely to try and stop me from getting away."

Jimmy decided to take the yard route, and, accordingly, he went down the escape to the first story and then jumped the rest of the way. He tried the lower door of the house, but it was fast. He tried the two windows, but they were fast, too. Then he scaled the fence of the narrow, dirty yard and tried the door of the adjoining building, with a similar result. He scaled each fence in succession and tried each back door until he reached the yard of the corner

house. Here he found an unfastened window, which admitted him into a small room back of a saloon.

Striking a match, he saw a table and four chairs and a door. He passed through the door, which was open, into a narrow passage and so on till he stepped into the saloon. The entrance to the saloon was fastened with a huge hasp held in place by a thick padlock. The key was in the bottom of the latter.

"All's fair when a fellow is trying to escape from a tough predicament," said Jimmy, unlocking the door.

In another moment he was on the silent sidewalk and cold, gas-lighted street, in a tough neighborhood. At that hour on Sunday morning vice, poverty and human degradation had slunk into their holes to gather a little strength for the coming day's battle with the world, which they polluted. It was close to four o'clock, and though Jimmy had no watch, he guessed it was getting toward daylight.

He started up the street after getting his bearings from the lamp post. He met several prowlers along the next block who eyed him with suspicion, but he got out of that neighborhood without hindrance, and reached the store at length. He crept to his bed without disturbing his mother, and was soon asleep. Mrs. West saw him in bed when she got up to take in the bundles of Sunday newspapers, which were delivered by arrangement, and she supposed he had come in shortly after she retired herself. She did not disturb him, for he looked tired, so she got busy with the sorting out and putting together of the blanket sheets that made up the ponderous Sunday editions. Customers came in to buy their papers long before she had accomplished her task, a duty that usually fell to Jimmy. Finally she put the stand out and filled it and then, as she had breakfast to prepare, she thought it was time for her son to get up, so she awakened him.

Jimmy tumbled out and took charge of the paper business, though he felt sleepy and somewhat broken up after his night's adventure. He said nothing to his mother about what he had gone through, for he knew it would worry her to no purpose. He was glad that the store was sold and that a few days more would see them far from the neighborhood. He did not know why the job had been put up on him, though later it struck him that perhaps friends of Bill Collins and Sammy Hoskins might have done it to get square with him for queering the attempt on Mr. Bronson in the office building.

He was afraid that, groused over his escape from the room, they might try some other way to get him into their power again, therefore he felt that he and his mother could not shake that locality any too soon. During the morning a suspicious-looking fellow passed the store and looked in. Jimmy saw him and wondered if he had come around to spy him out. He did not turn up again, and so Sunday passed much as previous Sundays had, without any unpleasant incident.

CHAPTER X.—Thieves in the Office.

Jimmy went to Wall Street at his usual time next morning, and when he got back his mother

told him that the party had completed the purchase of the store and would move in on Wednesday, by which time they had to get out. As Jimmy had picked out and rented a small flat on the upper West Side of Harlem the day before, which was all ready for occupancy, they started in at once to pack their things with the view of moving the following afternoon. Before he went to work next morning he engaged an expressman to carry their few goods uptown. He intended to practically refurnish their apartments with new household good which he had told his mother to buy at his expense.

Jimmy got off from the office at noon that day to boss the moving job, and considerable excitement was created in the block when the express wagon appeared and two men began transferring the West household goods to the vehicle. The neighbors were taken by surprise, and this was something that went against their grain. They liked to gossip in advance, and now they hardly knew what to talk about except that the Wests were leaving the block and going somewhere else.

The moving men were too busy to give out any information about the locality they were going to take the goods to, and all Jimmy would say, or his mother, either, was that they were going uptown to live, and that they were out of store-keeping for good. A crowd of women and kids hung around the store until long after the last article had been placed on the wagon, the store locked up and the vehicle on its way uptown. The key was left at the corner grocery, where the new tenant got it next morning when she came to take possession just before her furniture arrived.

It was a new sensation for Jimmy and his mother to start housekeeping in a light and airy flat after having been penned up in the dark quarters back of the little store for so many years, but it didn't take them long to get accustomed to their new and improved surroundings. They had been in the flat two weeks, with a real parlor to spread themselves in, and a dining room separated from the kitchen to eat in, and two fair-sized bedrooms, lighted from a whitewashed shaft, when Jimmy got in on a new deal. He learned that a syndicate had been formed to corner J. & D. shares, and with his usual nerve he put most of his little capital up on margin, buying 250 shares at 75. That afternoon he got a letter from Jack Freeman, telling him he had sold the cottage and that he, Jenny and his mother would be in New York inside of a week. He asked Jimmy to find a place for them to put up at until they settled on a home. Next morning when he was crossing Broad street he met Mr. Bronson with a stout, well-dressed man who looked like a bank director, or president of some big corporation.

"How do you do, Mr. Bronson?" said Jimmy politely.

"Why, hello, Jimmy?" said the operator, shaking him cordially by the hand. "I'm glad to see you. Mr. Jessup, this is the boy who saved me from being 'knocked out' by those rascals in the Cheswick Building."

"Indeed!" said the stout man, regarding Jimmy with some interest.

"Yes. His name is West, and he works for Old Hazard."

"So you're Old Hazard's errand boy, are you?" said the stout man.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy. "I suppose you know Mr. Hazard?"

"I've known him these thirty years."

"Those two rascals tried to get back at me for what I did for you, Mr. Bronson," said Jimmy.

"What do you mean, Jimmy?" asked the operator.

The boy gave him and his companion a rapid description of his experience with the man in the cab, and where he had found himself when he came to his senses. He also told them how he managed to make his escape.

"I didn't see anything in the papers about that," said Bronson.

"I didn't get as far as the newspapers, sir."

"No? Didn't you report the case to the police?"

"No, sir. What was the use? I didn't get a very good view of the fellow who carried me off in the carriage, and I don't know just what building I was carried to."

"Did you see those rascals? The police haven't been able to locate them."

"No, sir; but I took it for granted that they were at the bottom of the business. No one else had any reason for trying to do me."

"You ought to have notified the police at the time. It might have given the detectives a clue to the place where those chaps were hiding."

"Well, my mother had just sold her store, and we were so busy getting ready to move that I didn't bother."

"Where did you move to?"

"To a flat on the upper West Side in Harlem."

"Well, Jimmy, drop in and see me soon," said the operator.

"Yes, sir," and the boy went on while the gentlemen went over to the Exchange.

Two days later J. & D. began to advance, and it was up to 80 when Jimmy got a telegram from Jack Freeman, saying that he, his mother and daughter would arrive in New York next day. Jimmy at once telephoned the small hotel where he had spoken for two rooms that the party they were intended for would arrive on the following day, and that the two rooms were to be held for them. Jack Freeman, Jenny and Mrs. Freeman reached New York at noon and Jimmy got permission to meet them as soon as another telegram notified him what train they were coming on. They were glad to see the Wall Street boy again, particularly Jenny, and he was just as pleased himself. On the way to the hotel Jack told him that their furniture was coming on by freight, and they would like to find a place to settle down in by the time it got there, which would be in two or three days.

"If you don't object to a small flat, there is one for rent where my mother and I live, right across the hall from us in the same house," said Jimmy.

"We'll look at it," said Jack.

"All right. I'll call for you at four o'clock, if you say so, and take you up."

It was so arranged and shortly afterward Jimmy left them at the hotel. He called at four, on his way home, and took them uptown, surprising his mother by bringing them into the

flat. Mrs. West took quite a fancy to Mrs. Freeman and Jenny, and said she would be delighted to have them as neighbors. The janitor was called upstairs to show them the rooms, which were all ready to move into. They liked the apartment, and so Jack engaged it right off the reel, and two days later their furniture was moved in and they took possession.

Jimmy and Jenny were pleased to death to be such close neighbors, for they were sure of seeing one another every day. Mrs. West was also well satisfied to have somebody nice like Mrs. Freeman to associate with. In the meanwhile Jimmy was watching his J. & D. deal. At the end of ten days it reached 90, and as Jimmy noticed that large amounts of the stock were changing hands now, he concluded he had better sell, and he did. His profit amounted to \$3,750, which raised his capital to \$6,500.

"I'm doing pretty well in Wall Street, don't you think, mother?" he said that evening at supper, when he told her the particulars of his latest deal.

"My gracious, yes!" she said. "It is most astonishing how you have made all that money."

"Oh, I'll be a millionaire yet if I live long enough," he laughingly replied. "I've the nerve that wins the money."

After supper Jimmy walked in next door, incidentally to see Jack Freeman, but more particularly to call on Jenny. He told Jack that he had pulled a bunch of money out of the market that day, and he asked Jack if he had any objection to Jenny going to the theater with him on the following evening to celebrate the coup.

"No objection at all, my hearty. Take her along. She'll go fast enough, I'll warrant you. She thinks you are the finest boy in New York, and mother and I have about the same idea."

"Have you found anything to do yet that suits you better than the navy?" said Jimmy.

"I've signed for the summer to cruise around on the steam yacht *Atlanta*."

"I guess that's a pretty soft berth. At least I've heard it is."

"I can tell better after I've tried it. I understand that the yacht is going over to English waters. In that case, I'll have to leave mother and Jenny under the wing of your mother and yourself."

"We'll look out for them all right."

"They don't like the idea of me going away again, but I told them that the cruise in foreign waters is likely to be short, not over two months altogether, which is a good deal different from three years in the navy in Asiatic seas."

"It certainly is," said Jimmy.

Jenny now made her appearance and engaged his attention.

"Your father says I can take you to a show to-morrow night, so I suppose I can count on you going?" he said.

"I'll go. I've only been to the theater once in my life, and that was a long time ago. I remember I was greatly delighted over the performance I saw," she said.

On the following evening Jimmy took Jenny to a Broadway theater to see one of the popular successes, and she certainly liked the show very much indeed. Two weeks later the yacht *Atlanta* was put in commission by her owner and

Jack Freeman received notice to report on board. A few days afterward she sailed from the Erie Basin for England. Jenny wanted to see her father up to the last moment, so, as it was Saturday, and the hour of departure was placed at about one o'clock, Jimmy told her to come down to the office at noon and he would take her to Erie Basin. She appeared at the time stated and Jimmy got his pay envelope in advance of the regular time, for he had received permission to go off early that day. Just as the young people were starting, Old Hazard called Jimmy into his room.

"Here's a package I want you to take to my house," said the old broker. "Call for it on your way home."

"All right, sir," replied the boy.

"I'll put it in the closet. Look for it there."

Jimmy took Jenny up to the Brooklyn Bridge and there they got a car that would connect with the line that ran out to the Basin.

"We haven't any time to spare, Jenny. If the yacht should sail sharply at one, we are likely to miss her," he said.

"Oh, dear! I hope not," she said, as they bowled across the bridge. "I should be awfully disappointed."

"Let us hope we'll be on time," he replied, "for I wouldn't want you to fail to bid your father a last good-by. And I'd like to do the same."

As it happened, the yacht did not sail until two o'clock, and they got to the Basin in plenty of time to bid Jack Freeman farewell on his cruise. As soon as the *Atlantis* steamed out of the Basin, Jimmy and Jenny started back. On the way they stopped at a restaurant and Jimmy treated his fair companion to a swell lunch, after which they returned to Wall Street for the package Jimmy was to take uptown to the boss's house.

It was nearly four when they entered the office building, now almost deserted by the army of clerks, most of whom had gone home around one o'clock. There was only one elevator running, and they went upstairs on that. Reaching the office, Jimmy opened the door of the outer room with his pass key. The door of the private room was closed. As they approached it, Jimmy heard sounds inside.

"I wonder who's in there?" he thought. "Can't be the janitor's assistant, for it is plain he has been in here and cleaned up."

Jimmy opened the door and looked in. The sight he saw brought a gasp to his lips. Two sneak thieves had been rifling the desk, and as Jimmy rushed in, followed by Jenny, he saw them tearing up all of Old Hazard's papers. Raising his hand, the boy rushed forward, shouting wildly:

"Quit that, you scoundrels!"

CHAPTER XI.—Jimmy Gets a Tip and Makes a Big Haul.

The pair of rascals, taken by surprise, paused in their work of vandalism and looked in a startled way at Jimmy and Jenny. Then it was that Jimmy recognized one of them as Sammy Hoskins, the English thief. The other fellow he

had never seen before, but he was somewhat older than his associate in crime. Sammy wore a soft cap and looked prosperous, from his attire, for he sported a diamond in his tie and wore a watch chain. The other was not so well dressed.

He had a sack coat, no vest, and wore a soft-crowned hat. The litter of torn papers around Old Hazard's desk made Jimmy as mad as thunder. It was clear to him that the rascals were destroying things out of spite because they had failed to find anything of much value in the room that they could safely take away. Their nerve in venturing into the office building to steal was something colossal. The question that passed rapidly through Jimmy's mind was how he could have both taken into custody. He didn't see how he could do it, for he could not expect any aid from Jenny. The floor appeared to be wholly deserted. Then a thought occurred to him. Turning to the girl, he said:

"Run out to the elevators, push the center button, and when the man comes up with the cage tell him to come to this office and help me catch two thieves."

Jenny started at once to do his bidding. Sammy and his companion had by this time recovered from their surprise and realized their danger. They started toward Jimmy, intending to fight their way out. The boy slammed the door to and put his back against it.

"You chaps can't pass here," he said. "You are both going to the station house. Understand that?"

The thieves, however, were not going to the station house if they could help it.

"'E's the kind that s'iled me and Bill when we started to knock hout the toff with \$5,000 in his pocket. 'E's always poppin' hup when 'e ain't wanted. Get hout your nunkey and 'and 'im one on the bean. I'll try the hother door," said Sammy.

The Englishman's companion put his hand in his pocket and yanked out a slungshot and made a dash at Jimmy. The errand boy dodged and seized his descending arm and at the same time grabbing the man around the waist, tripped him up on the floor. As he went down, Sammy turned the key in the lock of the private door, opened it and dashed outside, leaving his pal to his fate, which was quite the usual thing with him, for his maxim was "Self-preservation is the first law of nature." A desperate struggle took place between Jimmy and the thief who had tackled him, but the Wall Street boy held his own, for he was determined to capture one of the rascals, at any rate. He held on to the fellow till the elevator man arrived with Jenny, and between them they secured the crook.

"The other chap got away, but I know him. He's wanted by the police for another crime committed in an Exchange place building. If they get him this time, he'll be up against two charges," said Jimmy.

Jimmy telephoned the police station house and two officers were sent to get the prisoner. The boy viewed the wreck of Mr. Hazard's papers ruefully.

"The old man will be wild when he sees the damage that has been done. As I am going up to his house on an errand, I'll tell him, and I guess he'll be down here as fast as a cab can

fetch him. They broke open the desk with a jimmy, and failing to find anything valuable in it, they tore up the papers out of revenge," he said.

With Jenny's help he gathered the papers into a waste paper basket and put it on top of the desk, the cover of which he shoved down but could not fasten, as the lock was broken. By that time the policemen arrived. After hearing Jimmy's story and viewing the damage done, they handcuffed the thief and took him away. Jimmy then got the package he came for out of the closet, locked up the office, and left the building with Jenny. Old Hazard lived in a fine brown-stone house on Madison avenue, about 60th street. They took a Third avenue train at Hanover station and got off at the 58th street station. From that point they walked to the old man's house. Old Hazard was not at home. The maid said he had gone to his club—the Union.

"Can I telephone to him?" said Jimmy.

"Is the matter important?" asked the maid.

"Very," said the boy.

"Come into the library," said the girl.

Jenny took a seat in the hall to wait for her escort to return. Jimmy connected with the Union Club.

"Is Mr. Hazard in the building?" he asked.

"Hold the wire and I'll find out," said the attendant.

Several minutes elapsed and then Jimmy recognized his employer's voice, asking who was at the phone.

"Me—Jimmy."

"Where are you?"

"At your house."

"You brought the package up, did you?"

"Yes, sir; but I've something important to tell you."

"What is it?"

Jimmy proceeded to tell him what had happened at the office. The old man uttered an ejaculation of dismay.

"Was my safe tampered with?" he asked.

"No. The rascals simply broke your desk open and because they found nothing to pay them for their trouble and risk, they made a monkey of your papers in it."

"I must go down at once. Come over to the club. I shall want you to go with me, Jimmy."

"I've my young lady friend with me. I can't very well send her home alone, as she is not well enough acquainted with the city."

"I'll have my second man take her home."

"All right, sir," said Jimmy.

"Is the maid with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell her to come to the phone."

Old Hazard directed the maid to take charge of Jimmy's friend and send her home in care of William, the man. This arrangement was explained to Jenny, and though she didn't like it she felt obliged to agree. Jimmy then started for the Union Club, where he found his employer waiting with a cab. They rode down to Wall Street together, and during the trip the boy told the broker all the particulars. Reaching the office, Old Hazard examined his desk. The thieves had wrought great havoc. The papers were all more or less valuable to the broker, and the fragments would have to be carefully sorted

out and put together in order to repair the mischief.

"We'll have to come down to-morrow, Jimmy, and go over these scraps together," said the old man.

"Very well, sir. What time shall I show up?"

"Get here at ten o'clock. Now we'll go to the station house and I'll make the charge against that man."

"The officer said he would be locked up on the charge of malicious mischief," said Jimmy.

"I'll add attempted burglary to it," said the old man.

So they went over to the station house and Old Hazard saw the captain. Jimmy was called in and asked about the chap that escaped, and he said it was one of two crooks who had attacked Mr. Bronson and whom the police had failed to arrest. He gave Sammy's description and the captain communicated with Headquarters. When Jimmy got home he found that Jenny had got back all right under the protection of the man William.

"I was sorry to have to leave you, Jenny, but I couldn't help myself," he said.

"Oh, that's all right, Jimmy. Don't let it happen again," she added, with a smile.

Jimmy spent the better part of next day with Old Hazard at the office repairing and straightening out the papers, and when they left, things were in pretty fair shape. Previous to going to the office they had been obliged to appear at the police court against the prisoner. The magistrate held him only on the charge of malicious mischief and sent him back to the Tombs. He was subsequently bailed out by Gleason, the proprietor of the "Rockery." A few days after that Jimmy noticed that L. & M. was going up, and he decided to take a chance on it. Accordingly, he bought 300 shares at 80. It went to 83 and then began to fall. Jimmy sold out quick and made about \$500 on it. Shortly afterward Mr. Bronson met Jimmy on the street.

"I suppose you're still speculating?" he said.

"Whenever I see a chance, sir. I made \$500 the other day on L. & M."

"I suppose I'm doing wrong by giving you any encouragement, but as I owe you a favor, I'll hand you a tip on your promise to keep it to yourself."

"I'll be as mum as a clam."

"Then put all your money up as margin on Southern Railway. Hold it for a rise of twenty points and then let go of it quick," said Bronson.

"Thank you, sir. I'll do it."

"And, remember, not a word about this to Mr. Hazard or anybody else."

"Not a whisper will get away from me about it."

The operator walked away, and that afternoon Jimmy bought 700 shares of Southern Railway at 115. A week passed and nothing happened, then Southern Railway began going up slowly. It did not attract much attention till it got above 120, then speculative traders began dealing in it, right and left. When it passed 125 the general public, which had been nibbling at it, rushed in to take advantage of the boom. During the following week there were great times in Wall Street, and during it Southern Railway went up to 135. That was the signal for Jimmy

to get out from under, which he did without delay, at a profit of \$14,000.

"Gee! I'm getting on in great shape!" he said to himself.

And he certainly was, for his capital had now increased to \$21,000.

CHAPTER XII.—In the Hands of the Enemy.

Jimmy conducted all his operations on the market so dexterously that Old Hazard had no suspicion of what he was up to on the side. He was careful not to neglect his duties in any way. As he could only watch his deals on the sly, he showed good nerve in risking his money in such hazardous speculations.

But Jimmy was hot after the dollars, and was willing to take long chances in order to gather them in. After collecting his money on his last deal he dropped in at Mr. Bronson's office and told that gentleman that he had followed his directions to the letter and made a good thing out of Southern Railway.

"Did you make \$500?" asked the operator, supposing he had but little money to put up on the stock.

"Five hundred dollars!" ejaculated Jimmy. "Didn't you tell me to put all my money up on the deal?"

"I did. How much did you put up?"

"Seven thousand dollars."

The operator stared at him.

"Seven what?" he said.

"Seven thousand."

"Jimmy, what are you handing me?"

"The exact truth. I was worth just \$7,000 in cash, that I've made out of previous deals, when you gave me the tip. I put every cent of it up. I cleared \$14,000. Now I'm worth \$21,000. Give me another tip and I'll put the twenty-one up. I've got nerve enough to follow any pointer from you as far as it'll reach. There's my statement from the little bank. That will prove my words."

Mr. Bronson glanced at it and no longer had any doubts.

"I had no idea you were so well off when I gave you the tip," he said.

"Wouldn't you have given it to me if you had?"

"I won't say no to that, for I wanted to cancel my obligation to you."

"I thought you did that when you sent me the watch and sleeve buttons."

"Oh, no! That present was merely a little testimonial."

"I've made \$14,000 on your tip, but I'd rather hand it over to you than keep the money if I thought you were not pleased."

"Jimmy, don't talk nonsense. I'm well pleased. I've made a clear million myself out of the boom, which you needn't mention, by the by, so we have both done well."

"I wonder who lost the million?"

"A bunch of people contributed toward it," laughed Bronson.

"The price is still up and seems to be going higher."

"There will be a bear raid in a day or two that'll knock it off its pins."

"I feel sorry for the longs, then," said Jimmy, rising.

In a few minutes he was outside.

"Seems to me that remark Mr. Bronson made about the bear raid is as good as another tip. I don't think he meant it as a pointer. It just slipped out. I think I'll run the risk of selling Southern Railway short on the strength of it. I suppose I'll be taking some chances, for the raid might not come off. However, the price can't hold up long. I think I'll risk it. A fellow might as well have nerve as not."

So on his way home that afternoon he dropped in at the little bank and sold 1,000 shares of Southern Railway short, at 137. On the following afternoon the bears jumped on Southern Railway and knocked it down to 130. Next day they renewed their attack and it slumped to 125. As it was necessary for Jimmy to cover his sale, he gave the bank orders to buy in 1,000 shares at the market. The result of this deal was to add \$12,000 more to Jimmy's capital.

He didn't tell Mr. Bronson anything about this coup. He didn't want him to realize that he was sharp enough to see through a millstone when there was a hole in it. Jimmy considered himself a rich boy now, but the knowledge made no difference in his habits or deportment. He didn't go around with his nose in the air and his head so big that his hat wouldn't fit it. In fact, he didn't tell his mother how much he was worth now.

Jimmy was a boy who could stand all kinds of prosperity with the stoicism of an American Indian, or a wooden one, for that matter. Most boys, after experiencing Jimmy's luck, would have felt superior to running any more errands, but not so our hero. He was the same old Jimmy he had always been, and made no bones about stopping and talking to his many friends on the street, some of whom were newsboys, just as he always did. He put on no frills, and that's why he was so popular with those who knew him.

"Jimmy," said Old Hazard one day, "take this order down to my wine merchant on Beaver street."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, and off he started.

On Broad street he spied a clerk who had formerly worked in the office but who had left to better himself. The young man's name was Archer, and he was dressed clean out of sight.

"Hello, Archer, how are you?" said Jimmy cordially.

"Beg pardon!" drawled Archer. "You seem to have the advantage of me."

"Oh, come off! You know me well enough. You seem to be prosperous. How are you making out?"

"You have a lot of nerve to address me in such familiar terms," said Archer loftily.

"Nerve is my strong suit. Have you become president of a bank or some railroad company?"

"I don't care to converse with errand boys."

"Oh, that's what's the matter with you, is it? I was thinking it was something you had eaten—something starchy, you know, that made you so stiff."

"Run along and don't bother me."

"All right, I was just going to. Want to send your kind regards to the old man? Or perhaps you wish to be remembered to the clerks? I'll

tell them I met you and that you have every broker in the Street beaten a mile for style."

"Go to the dickens!" snorted Archer, walking away.

Jimmy chuckled and started on himself. When he got back to the office he went into the counting room and told the clerks about his meeting with Archer. Archer had not been popular in the office when he was a member of the force, as he regarded his fellow employees as an inferior breed, to use his own expression. It is true the others did not dress as well as he did, but that was the only point on which he had anything on them. His departure from the office was considered a matter for congratulation among the clerks, and they had not seen nor heard from him since till Jimmy told them he met the dude clerk and that he was a bigger dude than ever.

"He must be doing well," remarked the margin clerk.

"He looked to me like a gentleman of leisure," said Jimmy.

"Was he going to his lunch?" asked the second bookkeeper.

"He didn't seem to be going anywhere. He was standing at the corner of Exchange place and Broad. When I spoke to him he pretended that he didn't know me," said Jimmy.

At that point the cashier called Jimmy to his desk and sent him out on another errand. That night Jimmy went to a smoker of one of the political clubs in his district. It was late when he started home. As he neared the door of his flat-house, three figures suddenly rushed out of a private house area and jumped upon him. Before he could put himself on his guard he was knocked senseless by a heavy blow. The assailants were all young fellows of tough appearance.

"E's down and hout," said one of them, whom the reader will recognize as Sammy Hoskins. "Fetch the wagon, my crummy un."

The wagon referred to was a hand cart which was standing just around the corner. One of the party went for it and the senseless Jimmy was loaded on it. With one of the toughs pushing the vehicle ahead of him and the others walking beside him, the party started eastward. An hour later Jimmy recovered his senses and found himself lying on some gunny-sacks, with his arms bound behind him, in some dark place where the atmosphere was not very fragrant. It didn't take the Wall Street boy long to surmise that he was in the hands of persons who had a score to settle with him. He judged that Bill Collins was one of them, and Sammy Hoskins another. The bunch who knocked him out had clearly been keeping tab on his movements, and were laying for him to come home that night. He had fallen an easy victim, because he had not been expecting any trouble of the kind to happen.

As he lay there in utter solitude, listening for some sound that would indicate the whereabouts of his enemies, he heard the swish of water not far from his head. The sound gave him that idea that he was in the hold of some craft moored at a dock. As a matter of fact, he was right.

He was aboard of an old freight scow tied up in front of a lumber yard on the Harlem River. The scow was a partly covered one which was used for carrying lime, cement and fire brick.

She could be moved only with the help of a tug. A gang of toughs took possession of her at night as a roosting place.

Sammy Hoskins had got acquainted with this gang and was voted a member. He had made himself solid with the members by buying a keg of beer for them and promising to duplicate it if they helped him capture Jimmy. Having done the job, the gang had gone to get the beer at a saloon that was open till one o'clock. Here they had got into a fight with a couple of men who were drinking in the saloon, and a policeman coming on the scene, two of them were arrested, while the others, including Sammy Hoskins, escaped.

After the excitement had calmed down the bunch, coming together in the rear of a cheap stable in a vacant lot, returned to the saloon to find it closed. After some trouble they woke the barkeeper up, got the keg of beer and returned with it to the scow about the time Jimmy recovered his senses. He heard them come aboard and knew they had brought something, from the sound of the keg rolling on the half-deck above his head. A light suddenly flashed through a couple of cracks in the bulkhead which separated the prisoner, who was in a small compartment where various kinds of dunnage was kept, from the covered portion of the hold to watch the tough crowd had brought the keg of beer. The keg was lifted on a box, blocked in position with pieces of wood, and tapped.

A battered can filled with beer passed from hand to hand, having been replenished each time. Several packs of greasy cards were produced and they divided up in small groups and began to amuse themselves at various games. Sammy Hoskins took no part in this. He opened the scuttle in the deck, which communicated with the place where the prisoner lay, and jumped down. Striking a match, he looked at Jimmy.

"Ow do you find yourself, me covy?" he asked, with a grin. "You queered me and Bill twice, and you got me other pal snagged. Now it's me turn to get back at you, and blame me, I'll fix you good an' tight."

"You only think you will," replied Jimmy, as coolly as he could, though he felt that his position was a bit desperate, for he believed the English crook was capable of putting him out of the way if he could manage to do it undetected. "You and your friend Bill tried that once before and you failed."

"There hain't no fire escape 'ere to 'elp you hout, me covy. If you 'adn't been put in a room at the hend of the buildin' you wouldn't 'ave got away. We ought to 'ave tied you hup, that's where we made a mistake."

"If you do anything to me, you're bound to pay for it," said Jimmy. "The police are hot on your trail, and they'll get you when you least expect it."

"The Hamerican bobbies are a lot of duffers. If they were any good, they'd 'ave 'ad me and Bill afore this. I've been walkin' 'round town hevery day, and never a one hof them piped me hof," said Sammy boastfully.

"Oh, they'll get you! There are two charges hanging over you. You'd better let me go, or you'll have a third one to answer for."

"I'll let you go after a while, me covy," he grinned. "Do you know where you are?"

"How should I know, down here in the dark?" said Jimmy, wishing to draw out the information that he already suspected.

Sammy struck another match.

"Looks like a boat of some kind," said the boy.

"Right you are. It's a freight scow. You're on the Harlem River. 'Ow heasy it'll be to drop you hoverboard with a stone tied to your feet!"

Jimmy made no reply. He believed Bill Collins would just as soon drop him into the river as not.

"I'll leave you now, or I'll miss me beer, and I paid for it. I've done me part in gettin' you 'ere. It's up to Bill to do the rest."

With those words Sammy left the compartment.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Nabbing of Bill and Sammy.

Jimmy's position was not to be envied, and he realized it. As he lay on the gunny-sacks he heard the tough gang in the hold, forward, talking and carousing over the beer keg. In the meantime he struggled to try and free his arms, which were bound to his sides. At first he met with little success, but gradually he worked his right arm up till he got it to the top of his pockets, when he shoved his hand down and grasped his knife. After some trouble he got it out of his pocket and then the difficulty was to open one of the blades with his fingers. Bracing the end of the knife against his stomach and digging his thumb-nail into the little slit in the steel of the big blade, he finally succeeded in pulling the blade partly open.

After that the rest of the job was not hard. He then began sawing at the lowest piece of rope. As the blade was sharp, and he worked with desperate eagerness, for he knew he had no time to lose, he finally severed the rope. A tug and the rope loosened all around him. Another tug and he got his right arm free. After that it was a simple matter to get rid of the rest of it. Then he reached down and severed the rope that bound his legs. He stood up, free. The opening above, through which Sammy Hoskins had entered, was closed by the scuttle cover. It was merely laid on and not fastened in any way.

Still it was not easy to shove open from below, though simple to remove from above. Jimmy found that he could just reach it with the tips of his fingers. Under such circumstances it was impossible for him to do anything with it. Then an idea struck him. He rolled the gunny-sacks up into a stiff ball and stood on the pile. This raised him six inches, but his footing was not very solid. He placed the palms of his hands against the bottom of the scuttle and pushed upward.

The resistance caused his underpinning to give about three inches and the scuttle rose only an inch, not enough to raise it above the rimmed edge of the hatch that held it. The most desperate efforts made by Jimmy were productive of no satisfactory result, and he had to stop to consider how he could overcome the obstacle in his way. He felt for a match and ventured to

light it. At that moment he heard a man's voice somewhere above, and it struck him that Bill had arrived. At the same time the flash of the match showed him a large ship's block on a pile of heavy rope to which it was attached. He hauled it under the scuttle, partly unrolled the bags, and tossed them on top and mounted the whole.

He was now within easy reach of the cover, and a good effort on his part displaced it. Shoving it aside, he gripped the combing of the hatch and scrambled out of his prison. He was now practically at liberty, for all he had to do was to leap up on the dock. Before doing this, he replaced the hatch cover to fool his enemies. As he reached the dock two figures came out of the hold where the gang were making Rome howl. They leaped on the half-deck and came forward. Jimmy dropped behind a big spile-head, for he recognized the voices of Sammy and Bill.

"'E's bound 'and and foot down in the 'ole next the bow," said Sammy. "You can go down and look at 'im."

"I mean to. I'm goin' to settle him right away and be off, for the noise that gang is makin' is liable to bring a cop this way any minute."

Sammy removed the scuttle cover.

"Jump down an' strike a match. You'll see 'im hover in that corner."

Bill sprang down. Sammy stood, bent over, looking down. His attitude tempted Jimmy to get back at him. Springing lightly down behind him, he hit the English crook a heavy blow behind the ear. Sammy toppled forward with a cry and fell through the scuttle on top of Bill, just as the latter struck a match, and the big crook went down in a heap. Jimmy at once slammed the cover on the hatch, but as there was no way of securing it, he could not hope to make prisoners of his enemies. He jumped back on the wharf to make his escape, when he was seized in the powerful grasp of a big policeman.

"Not so fast, my fine fellow!" said the officer. "I've got you!"

Jimmy saw who had hold of him, and he offered no resistance.

"You've come just in the nick of time, officer," he said.

"I'm glad to hear it," chuckled the cop. "I've been laying for you chaps for some time. The rest of the bunch appear to be aboard of the scow. I'll just handcuff you and make sure of you."

"Hold on, officer, you're making a mistake. I'm not one of the crowd that's on the boat. I'm a Wall Street messenger, and my name is Jimmy West. I was kidnapped to-night and brought over here from the West Side. I was just making my escape when you grabbed me."

"That story is too thin, young fellow," said the policeman.

"Give me a chance and I'll prove it. I work for Edward Hazard, a stock broker, and you'll find two or three of his cards in my pocket."

Jimmy's earnestness caused the policeman to hesitate. His grip on Jimmy's arm relaxed.

"You are telling me the truth, are you?" said the policeman.

"I am. And I have something else to tell you. There are two parties on the boat who are badly

wanted at Headquarters. One is Bill Collins and the other is Sammy Hoskins, an English thief."

"I've heard of them," said the officer, letting go of Jimmy.

"I'm the Wall Street boy who spoiled their game down in Exchange place several weeks ago. My name was in the papers at the time."

The officer, however, didn't remember it.

"The two crooks are down in the compartment under that scuttle," said Jimmy, pointing. "That is where I was a prisoner till I managed to get free. We can nab them as they get out. You tackle and handcuff Bill and I'll answer for the other fellow."

"Come on, then," said the policeman, now satisfied Jimmy was all right.

As they stepped on the deck the scuttle was thrown off and Bill began scrambling out, with his back to them.

"That's Bill Collins. He's dangerous. Nab him quick and put the irons on him," said Jimmy.

The policeman stepped forward, laid hold of the crook by the collar and threw him down. In another moment he had the handcuffs on his wrists. At that moment Sammy popped his head out and was in the act of getting out when he saw what was going on. He tried to slip back out of sight, but Jimmy nabbed him by the collar and held on to him.

"Help me get him, officer," he said.

The policeman laid hold of Sammy and yanked him out of the hole.

"There's some rope down there I was bound with," said Jimmy. "I'll get it and we'll tie him with it."

Jimmy got the rope and Sammy's arms were tied behind his back.

"Get up on the dock, West," said the policeman, "and I'll lift this Britisher up to you. Here is my club. Make him lie down. If he won't, tap him on the head with it."

Jimmy took the club and then Sammy, protesting volubly, was transferred to the dock.

"Lie down!" commanded Jimmy, making a demonstration with the club.

"Don't 'it me! I hain't doin' nothin'."

Jimmy made another pass at him and down he went.

"Now give me a hand with this ruffian," said the policeman, referring to Bill.

Jimmy reached down and, between them, they landed the crook, who was filling the air with his imprecations, on the dock. The policeman followed, and, taking his club, whacked Sammy on the sole of his shoe.

"Get up!"

Sammy uttered another howl.

"You made me get down and now you want me to get up. I wish I 'ad the use hof me 'ands and I'd do somethin', blime me if I wouldn't," he said.

"Now, then, move on, you chaps, and be spry about it!" said the policeman.

The two crooks started sulkily and were duly landed at the station house, where they were locked up and word of their arrest sent to Police Headquarters.

CHAPTER XIV.—Conclusion.

Jimmy got home about daylight, with only about a couple of hours' sleep to count on. His mother had been in bed since eleven. Jimmy yawned when she called him to breakfast in the morning, but jumping out of bed he dashed his face several times into the basin full of cold water, and that thoroughly woke him up.

"When did you get in, Jimmy?" his mother asked him when he came to breakfast.

"After twelve," he said carelessly.

He said nothing about his strenuous night adventure, and his mother had no suspicions of what he had gone through. At the usual time he started downtown.

There was nothing in the papers about the arrest of the two much-wanted crooks, for the capture had taken place after the last editions had gone to press. Jimmy told his boss about his adventure which had ended in the capture of the rascals, and said he was going to telephone the news to Mr. Bronson. An hour later he got the operator on the wire and told him.

"That's fine!" said Bronson. "How was it pulled off?"

"I'll drop over this afternoon and tell you all about it, sir."

The loss of sleep did not bother Jimmy that day. At a quarter of four he dropped in on Mr. Bronson. The gentleman had a visitor, so he had to wait till he was disengaged. In the course of fifteen minutes the operator and his caller came out together. They did not notice Jimmy sitting near the door.

"I'll get on the job first thing to-morrow, Mr. Bronson, and buy every share of Hercules Copper I can find till I hear further from you," said the gentleman, who was a big Wall Street broker.

"Hercules Copper," thought Jimmy. "So Mr. Bronson is out to corner it. I must gather in a few shares on my own account and participate in the boom. I'm a lucky bird. I got here just in time to capture that pointer. I see my \$37,000 going up to \$50,000 or more. I've got the nerve that wins the money."

When Mr. Bronson turned back, after bidding his broker good-by, he saw Jimmy.

"Why, hello, Jimmy! I didn't know you were here," he said.

"I just come, sir."

"Walk into the room. I'm eager to hear how those crooks were caught."

"I helped catch them. In fact, if it were not for me, they would still be at liberty," said the boy, as he followed the operator in.

Jimmy told him how, as he was returning from the political club smoker, he had been set upon by three tough chaps and knocked senseless. How he had found himself tied hand and foot on board of the scow when he regained his senses. Then he went on and told all the rest.

"Well, well, you're one lad out of a thousand, Jimmy," said Bronson. "You certainly contributed in a very large degree to the capture of those chaps, and I shall take a great deal of pleasure in prosecuting them to the full extent of the law."

"Do you think you will be able to recognize them now?"

"Yes, I remember just how they appeared to me at the time of the attack which introduced you to me."

"It was a lucky introduction for me," said Jimmy. "It has brought me a fine watch and chain, a handsome set of sleeve buttons, and a double tip that netted me \$26,000."

"A double tip! What do you mean by that?" said the operator, looking hard at his young visitor.

For a moment Jimmy looked embarrassed.

"Well, sir, I didn't mean to tell you, but I'll have to make a clean breast of it now. You remember after I collared the \$14,000 on your tip I called and told you about it, and you were surprised to learn I had so much money."

"I remember," said Bronson.

"I made the remark that Southern Railway was still holding its own and was higher than the point you told me to let go at."

"I recall that you did."

"Then you said that in a day or two the bears would sail into it and put it on the toboggan. After I went away it struck me that you might have inside information about what the bears were going to do, so I just mustered up the nerve and sold 1,000 shares short, taking the chance of being able to buy it in within the time limit at a lower figure and so make additional profit."

"You did that?"

"I did, and made \$12,000 out of the slump. That makes the \$26,000 I mentioned a moment ago."

"You'll die rich yet if you don't run up against a run of bad luck. I wonder what Mr. Hazard would say if he knew as much about you as I do?"

"I don't know, sir. Offer me a junior partnership, I suppose."

The interview ended there. Next morning, when Jimmy went out on his first errand, he stopped at the little bank and gave an order for any part of 5,000 shares of Hercules Copper at the market price. He put up \$30,000 to pay for the stock, almost all his money, which showed that he had the nerve to risk his last cent almost when he saw the chance of making a big winning. When he got back to the office he found a policeman there with a summons for him to appear at the Tombs Police Court that morning. He got permission to go there. Mr. Bronson was also served the same way, and he was on hand when Jimmy arrived there. Bill Collins and Sammy Hoskins were brought to the bar, and they pleaded not guilty.

After Bronson and Jimmy had testified, and the latter had told about the attempt of the two rascals to rob Jack Freeman, now in England, down in New Jersey some months since of three years' pay he had received from the navy paymaster, the magistrate held Bill and Sammy for the action of the grand jury. We may as well state here that an indictment was returned against them for their attack on Mr. Bronson, on which they were tried and convicted, and sent up the river for a term of years. The man Jimmy caught in Old Hazard's office with Sammy, tearing up the broker's papers, was tried and sent away for eighteen months. But in the

meanwhile Jimmy had his spare attention engaged upon Hercules Copper stock which Mr. Bronson was trying to corner.

As a result of the operator's shrewd maneuvers in the Curb market, Hercules Copper became scarce and the price advanced by degrees until it reached \$10 a share. Then the boom met with a snag and looked so wobbly that Jimmy sold out his holdings in small lots, clearing a profit of \$20,000, which made him worth something over \$50,000. Some broker passing along Nassau street noticed Jimmy coming out of the little bank when he collected his copper winnings, and, suspecting that he went there to speculate, he reported the matter to Old Hazard. The old man called Jimmy into his private room.

"Were you at the little bank on Nassau street yesterday afternoon?" he asked his errand boy.

"Yes, sir."

"What were you doing there? Are you speculating? If you are, I want you to quit it."

"I've been trying to make enough money to buy an interest in your office."

"Upon my word, you are not bashful in expressing your wishes."

"No, sir."

"Well, if you had \$50,000, Jimmy, I might agree to make you my junior partner one of these days when you have learned the business," he said.

"If you mean that, sir, we can come to an arrangement. I've the fifty thousand."

"Jimmy, this isn't the first of April."

"No, sir. It's the 15th of August."

"Then what do you mean by trying to fool me?"

"I'm not trying to fool you. I'm telling you the truth."

"How did you get it?"

"By speculating in the market during the last twenty months or so."

Old Hazard looked incredulous, as well he might. But after a fifteen-minute talk Jimmy let enough light in on his speculations to convince his boss that he was a most remarkable boy. On the whole, Old Hazard, who had a great liking for his errand boy, was rather tickled over the boy's success.

"Promise to quit speculation, bring me your \$50,000, and I'll give you a certain interest in my business, but you are not to be known as my partner until you become able to hold your end up."

"I agree," said Jimmy, quite delighted.

On the first of September Jimmy was advanced to the counting room and was placed under the special attention of the cashier. He gradually worked himself up, and at the end of the year Old Hazard appointed him his representative at the Exchange. Six months later, on the first of the year, the name of the firm was altered to Hazard & West, and then Jimmy became recognized as Old Hazard's junior partner. And thus we end the story of the boy whose nerve won the money.

Next week's issue will contain "CHECK 765; or, THE STRANGEST TIP IN WALL STREET."

CURRENT NEWS

A LATHE FOR PEELING ORANGES

Down in Havana they have an ingenious method of peeling oranges which never fails to amuse the foreign visitor to the Cuban city. Street vendors selling oranges offer to peel the fruit. This they do by placing the orange in a lathe-like device, and then turn the handle until a cutter removes practically all the skin except at the two tips which have served to hold the orange in place. The skin comes off in one long peel, as the crank is turned. The cutter must be frequently resharpened.

A GOOD SHORT STORY

The following is a museum label and is one of the best short stories ever written. For brevity and for conveying accurate information, it is worthy of perpetuation. "Far back in the past, during that period in the world's history known as the Triassic, the State of Connecticut was largely covered by the sea, and a bay, or estuary, extended as far north as Turner's Falls, Mass. One day, when the tide was out, one of the great reptiles, known as Dinosaurs, walked along the beach, leaving his footprints in the sand. The tide came in, the tracks filled with sand and mud; in the ages that followed this became stone, and a few million years later, in quarrying stone for New York houses this track was uncovered."

FISH DRINK MILK

Frank Shelp, of Doster, Mich., who owns a large herd of Jersey cows, has solved the mystery of what happened to his daily supply of milk for the last two weeks. Shelp says that when, after the herd had been driven in from the fields at night, he found just about half of the cows had been milked dry, he thought that either gypsies or summer campers along the shore of Pine Lake were to blame for the wholesale theft.

Farm hands watched the kine for a week but could find no evidence of thefts, but all said that during the afternoon for some reason the milk disappeared. Shelp himself gave up other duties and started to watch the kine. He found that in the afternoon they would go down to the lake to bathe and drink, standing hip deep in the water. It was on one of these trips, he says, that he saw a big fish swim up to the cow and drink her milk. Other fish followed.

Amazed, Shelp says, he knew no one would believe him, and he called summer boarders at the farm to witness the performance. Next a seine was secured and the fish in the basin scooped out. It was found that suckers abounded there, some weighing as much as ten pounds. When he cut open the stomach of several of the fish it was revealed they had participated in the milk orgies.

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— OR —

THE BOY WHO BEAT THE MOONSHINERS

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(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER III.

The Business of a Mountain Town.

"Ye can't tell who'll hear us talkin' on these quiet streets. Part of the activities of this gang is gittin' moonshine sent around. Only a certain picked gang works on the 'mountain dew,' and the rest is the distributin' agents. Why, they tell me that Jake Newcastle has some secret stills whar they make the finest whisky money kin buy.

"Then it's different from moonshine—that stuff is like liquid fire, they tell me."

"Of course. This Newcastle's work is to make this whisky with cheap labor—no rents to pay for he uses your father's land—and he sells it to a lot of the big firms in Louisville and Nashville."

Dan's face flushed.

"Well, Zach, if they think that my father, as a district marshal of the United States, is going to have his land used for making whisky like this, they reckon without their host."

Zach shook his head at the lad's vehemence.

"Now, sonnie, you jest keep mum about what you said. What you want to do here is to oversee your pap's land, and you don't want to git inter any fracas with Jake Newcastle's gang. Those men don't care what they do—I might tell you that they are stealin' timber right along—off your dad's land. Ef ye find that out it'll be time to take action—but even then ye want to git out of rifle range before ye start action. There's too many trees and rocks—the roads is too bad for runnin', and then we have seven nights every week, and night is their busy daytime!"

Dan realized that the old fellow was wise, indeed.

But he mentally determined to do what he could to rid his own and his father's property of such folk, if possible.

They reached the center of the town by this time.

There, on the four corners of the cross roads, which marked this "business district," were a great gathering of men and youths of the roughest character that even Dan had ever seen.

He had been down as far as Johnsville, but this was a section he had only known by listening to his father. So it was of interest to the newcomer.

The newcomer instantly became of interest to the natives, as they indolently stood about, talking and drinking from bottles, while the doors

of the three saloons were filled—a throng of men coming and going.

"Well, we must have struck court-day," said Dan, in a low voice, to his companion.

"This here is gang-day," answered Shank. "That is what it means. It is a sign that they've been havin' a reunion and meetin', and I'd bet ten pounds of plug tobacco against a piece of shavin' that Jake Newcastle is around here."

There was a grocery store on the fourth of the corners, and Dan and his guide dismounted.

"We kin git some coffee in here fer our campin'," said the older man. "We didn't have time ter git none in Johnsville. But I calc'late that the stuff is made outen sawdust instead of coffee. No wonder they're a bad lot around here. They don't git enough decent stuff from their general stores."

"Shall we hitch?" asked Dan.

"No, you jest dismount an' I'll git the stuff inside. I wouldn't trust these hosses around here with their pesky gang of varmints."

Dan was of the same opinion.

So he slid off his horse, and held the rein of Shank's as well, gazing about with interest on the mountain town.

The gang of men scattered about were scrutinizing him closely, but Dan did not lower his eyes nor evade their looks. He was not ashamed of himself, and he feared none of them.

While he was looking one way a slim young fellow about his own age slipped up alongside of the horse of Shank.

Dan saw some curious expression on the face of a man near him, and instantly detected that he was looking behind him—Dan—so our hero spun around in a jiffy.

The thin youth was adroitly removing a fine revolver from its place in the saddle holster of Zachary Shank.

Dan said nothing, but suddenly leaned over the horse, and with a lightning like movement, he brought the lash of his riding-whip across the fellow's wrist.

With a yelp the young man dropped the weapon from his grasp, and it slipped back into the holster.

He turned away, and as he did so, he was greeted by a chorus of jeers from his comrades.

"You ain't goin' ter do that to me for nawthin'!" the baffled sneak thief suddenly cried, as he started to return.

He rushed around the horse, and was about to attack the newcomer, while his companions yelled and incited him on.

"Hit 'em one, Sneakey Snodgrass!"

"Punch the Yank!"

Dan saw that this was a pretty delicate situation.

The crowd of good-for-nothings were there just idly waiting for some real excitement. And with such overwhelming odds they would fight, themselves, on the first chance.

The fellow addressed as Sneakey now rushed at Dan, who was not as tall as he and whom he thought would be an easy victim for his quick kind of attack.

He made a bad error.

(To be continued)

FROM ALL POINTS

WILD RICE PLENTY IN OUR NORTHWEST

Tons of rice, as nourishing as the cultivated kind and obtainable for harvesting, is going to waste in marshes of the Northwest. The only persons using it as food are a few Indians and the city epicures, who have it served with wild game dishes. It is on sale in probably half a dozen places in the Northwest.

Wild rice is hard to get at and difficult to harvest. The Indians get it by paddling through swamps and knocking heads and kernels into their canoes. They parch the rice in kettles over a fire of red coals and then shake it vigorously in blankets to loosen the chaff.

So far as known, only two white men in the Northwestern States gather wild rice for commercial purposes. They have a header and cutter attached to flatboats. Their annual output is about 500 bushels, worth \$10 to \$15 a bushel.

LOCUST CLOUD SUN IN RUSSIA

An enormous swarm of locusts has appeared in the Orenburg region, according to a radio despatch sent out from Moscow. It says the swarm is so thick that it screens and darkens the sun. The locusts travel at the rate of about twenty-five miles an hour, it says. However, they have eaten all the grass and grain in several districts in two days.

The radio despatch adds that also there are human locusts working on food trains in the famine districts and that tens of thousands of pounds of provisions are missing. Fifty-six men have been sentenced to death in this connection by the revolutionary tribunal and about a thousand others have been sentenced to prison terms. It was stated that at the station of Kochetovka, on the Ryazan-Uralisk railroad, the leakage from food trains is amounting to 20,000 poods monthly.

THE DEEPEST GOLD MINE

The world's deepest gold mine is the Morro Velho, in Brazil, where the Portuguese were first induced to settle by the discovery of the yellow metal. The first gold was discovered in 1699, near the present city of Ouro Preto. The gold was coated with a black substance, and hence was called "auro preto"—black gold. The city which they founded was long called Villa Rica de Ouro Preto—the Rich City of Black Gold—a name which was somewhat cumbersome even for the Portuguese, so they finally shortened it to just Ouro Preto, the name by which it is known to-day. Once it was the most important city in Brazil, the valuable metal being obtained from the gravel of almost every stream in the region.

The great gold vein of the Morro Velho mine is described by Benjamin LeRoy Miller and Joseph T. Eingewald, Jr., in the Bulletin of the Pan-American Union. They compare the vein to a gigantic knife-blade held vertically and thrust into the earth at this angle, with the point still lower than the present deepest workings. And it is these workings that make the mine re-

markable. The combined depths of the connected shafts give a total of 5,824 feet. In other words, here is a gold mine that is being worked at a depth of more than a mile below the surface of the earth.

The rock temperatures increase as the earth's crust is penetrated, in some regions the increase being as much as one degree for each fifty to sixty feet increase in depth. At this rate the temperature at the bottom of this mine would be over 100 degrees higher than at the surface, and fried ham and eggs might be prepared for the miners without any other heating apparatus than the loose rocks lying about. Incidentally, miners would be going through the frying process, too. Fortunately, however, in this mine the rate of increase of temperature is only one degree for every 100 to 120 feet, giving the rocks a temperature of only 112 degrees. By forcing cold air down into the mine by means of fans the temperature is lowered to a little less than 100 degrees. Even at that it is rather snug, and the miners usually wear only shoes, donning trousers when company is expected. The mine has produced a total of about \$55,000,000 worth of gold.

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Each number contains Four Stories of the Best Films on the Screens—Elegant Half-tone Scenes from the Plays—Interesting Articles About Prominent People in the Films—Doings of Actors and Actresses in the Studios and Lessons in Scenario Writing.

HARRY E. WOLFF, 166 W. 23d St., New York

Found In The Arctic.

By COL. RALPH FENTON.

Carl Denton was a sturdy young American sailor boy, who followed the sea for a living, and was a boat steerer on a whaling vessel out from New Bedford, bound to the Arctic whaling grounds.

He was nineteen years old, brave, handsome and manly, a good sailor, an unerring shot with harpoon or rifle, and a staunch friend.

The vessel had been in the north for three months, and the skipper was thinking seriously of steering to the south, lest a longer stay in the Arctic might result in their being imprisoned in the ice all the long northern winter, if nothing worse happened.

They had made a good catch, and had three or four hundred barrels of oil stored in the hold, besides a large quantity of bone and many valuable skins, for Captain Crawford hunted seals as well as whales when he could find them.

There was room for more oil and bone in the hold, and as the skipper had always gone home with a full vessel, he did not want to do otherwise on this trip.

The men were, of course, ready to fall in with the captain's wishes, although there were two or three old codgers on board who shook their heads, and said that it was better to be content with what they had than to leave their bones to bleach in the northern wilderness.

The winter would set in early, they said, and if the skipper were wise he would turn his back upon the north at once and make all haste to get into warmer waters.

They had seen a good deal of ice, as it was, and more was forming, and before they knew it, if they were not careful, they would be nipped, and then no one knew what might happen.

Carl was somewhat anxious, although he did not join the croakers, for he had lost his father in the Arctic six or seven years before, nothing having been heard of him or his vessel in all that time.

One or two captains in the fleet had warned him not to stay longer, but he had said that he had a good ship and a swift one, and that he would catch up with them long before they had passed through the strait.

So they had sailed away, and from that time his vessel had still been missing, and no one who had since been in the Arctic had heard any word or seen any sign of him.

Carl had given up all hope of seeing his father again, and it had been against his mother's wishes that he had taken a voyage to the north, for the poor woman feared that she would lose him as she had lost her husband, and he was her only support, her other children being too young to be of any help.

The young fellow had laughed away her fears, and had gone to the Arctic, but now, hearing the mutterings of the old sailors, his mind misgave him, and he thought that perhaps it would have been better to have taken his mother's advice.

None of the fleet had been seen for several days, and the grumblers declared that their vessel was the only one left on the grounds.

"I suppose you will be going home pretty soon, cap'n?" asked the mate, at dinner.

"Just as soon as I fill up, Mr. Meeks," answered the skipper.

"Ain't you afraid of getting shut up in the ice?"

"Oh, no; she won't close in for some week yet."

"Pears to me as if it wouldn't be more'n a few days," said the mate, as if to himself, the skipper making no answer.

That very afternoon there were signs that denoted a change. The sky became leaden-hued, the air was colder, and more floating ice appeared.

That night the wind blew from the north, and brought a heavy snowstorm with it. In the morning it was clearer, but the masses of floating ice had increased in number and size.

Early in the forenoon the lookout in the crow's nest shouted:

"There she blows!"

All was confusion in a moment.

"Clear away the starboard and port boats!" the captain shouted.

"Ay! ay!" cried the men, as they prepared to obey the order, while the lookout came down from his station in the crow's nest.

The latter was a cask, through which the mast passed, fitted with a trap-door in the bottom, by which one could enter it, open at the top, and having grooves on either side into which a board could be fitted to keep off the wind in case it blew too keenly.

There was a platform inside on which one could stand, and a man of ordinary size had only his head and shoulders exposed.

Carl, being the harpooner of the captain's boat, saw that everything was ready, and then stood waiting for the order to lower.

The whale could now be seen from the deck, his course taking him across the vessel's bow, half a mile distant.

The skipper did not go with the boats, as he usually did, but acted as shipkeeper on this occasion, going into the crow's nest. He wore a heavy coat of fur with a hood that served as a cap, for the wind was apt to blow sharply up aloft, and one needed to be well protected. He carried a telescope, and a signal flag was bent on to the haliards to use in case of necessity.

The boats got away at once, the first mate in charge of one, and the second mate having charge of the captain's boat.

The whale was an enormous fellow, and belonged to the bowhead or Greenland species. These are more valuable for their bone, the oil not being so rich or plentiful as that of the sperm whale.

The huge creature had evidently not yet taken alarm at the presence of the boats, for he kept straight on his course, now sending up a double stream of vapor from his blow-holes, and occasionally lashing the water with his huge flukes.

The boats left the vessel on a line which would intercept the whale soon after it had crossed the bow, but this course might have to be changed,

and in that case the skipper would signal from the ship which direction the boats should take.

Straight on kept the great cetacean, the boats following the course first laid out.

There was no chance until the whale had almost crossed the course of the vessel, when he suddenly dove under the water, his tail throwing up a shower of spray as he disappeared.

"Better keep straight on, boys," said the second mate, Mr. Thatcher. "The old man will let us know when he comes up, and it's likely he'll take the same track he's on now."

The men pulled strong and steady as before, but it was nearly half an hour before they discovered any signal from the ship.

"There she blows!" cried Carl, turning his head, and a few moments later one of the men said that there were signals from the vessel.

Aloft in the crow's nest, Captain Crawford could see a threatened danger which the men could not, and he signaled to the boats to return.

The ship followed the boats, but the ice kept packing together until the water formed lanes through it, some of these lanes closing up with great rapidity.

It was astonishing where all the ice came from so suddenly.

The captain's boat had given chase as soon as the whale had reappeared, the men pulling a long, steady stroke, as if determined to overtake their prey as soon as possible.

"The skipper is signaling for us to come back," muttered Joe, one of the sailors.

"We'll get this fellow in a few minutes," said Mate Thatcher, "and then we'll go back."

The boat was now close to the whale, and Carl made ready to drive the harpoon into the body of the great creature.

By a quick turn of the steering oar the second mate threw the boat alongside of the whale. In an instant Carl had hurled the heavy iron, with unerring aim at the whale's side.

It sank in up to the pole, the whale leaping forward, and churning the waves into foam. The line was made fast, and the mate was about to finish the work of killing the whale, when the wounded cetacean, spouting blood, and breathing heavily, gave a sudden leap forward.

Carl was thrown from the boat, and landed on the back of the leviathan as he shot ahead. The line snapped, and in a few seconds the boat was left far behind.

Carl had struck the whale's back within a foot of the harpoon pole, and he hurriedly threw himself forward and seized it as the line parted. Then he drew himself up to an erect position, and waved one hand to his companions as he was borne swiftly away.

It was difficult to maintain a foothold on the slippery back of the monster, and Carl dropped upon one knee, the better to maintain his position. He was clothed in fur, and wore boots, which kept out the water, so that he suffered neither from cold nor wet, although his situation was a most dangerous one.

Suddenly there appeared a mass of ice in front, barring the whale's further progress. The huge creature rushed straight at this, and then suddenly sounded.

With a prayer for deliverance on his lips, Carl sprang to his feet and took a flying leap for the ice. He struck it a few feet back from the edge, and carried forward by the impetus of his leap, slid several yards before sinking down exhausted.

There suddenly came a shock, a tremendous rocking, jets of water spurted up to a great height from fissures in the ice, and the whole pack seemed about to be rent asunder. The terrible tossing motion subsided at length, and Carl found that he was upon a mass of ice many acres in extent, moving slowly in a direction that he could not determine.

A dark object lying upon the ice at a distance of five or six hundred feet attracted his attention, and he walked toward it. It was the body of a dead whale, a harpoon still protruding from its back close to the hump.

It was quite providential that the body of the dead whale had been thrown where he had found it, for the huge carcass presented a most efficient barrier against the wind, which was now so keen and fierce as scarcely to be withstood.

At last morning dawned. He was hungry, and so, cutting a wedge of blubber from the carcass he managed to eat it, although at another time the very thought of it would have horrified him.

For a week he remained on the ice, eating whale meat, then he was rescued by some Esquimaux, who had discovered the carcass of the whale, and had come out from shore, several leagues across the ice, in their sledges, to obtain the bone and blubber. They took him to their village, nestled at the foot of a great mountain peak, and here a great surprise awaited him.

His father, alive and well, but a prisoner among the Esquimaux, was the first person he met in the village, and the reunion between father and son was almost too joyful to be described.

Captain Denton had been five years with the natives, after having spent a winter in the ice, his ship having been destroyed by fire, and one after another of his men having succumbed to disease or fatalities of one kind and another till at last he was the only remaining survivor of the ill-fated ship's crew.

One day, several months after Carl's perilous ride, the tribe of natives by whom the two white men were held captives, took them with them on an expedition in search of food or spoil, far from their village. They came upon two whaling vessels locked in the ice, in a little cove, sheltered upon all sides from storm and wind.

Carl and his father were gladly ransomed by the whalers, who gave the natives all that they stood in need of in exchange for their captives.

The captain of one of the vessels was accompanied by his wife and daughter, a pretty girl about Carl's age, and the two immediately became great friends, which ripened into something closer than friendship during their enforced stay in the ice.

In the spring, when the vessels were released, and set sail for home, pretty Jennie Butler had promised to be Carl Denton's wife, and when the young whaler returned to New Bedford, like one from the dead, all hope of his being alive having been abandoned, he took with him a father and a sweetheart, found in the Arctic.

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

DUCK FEATHERS FOR BAIT

Harry Busby of Philadelphia used duck feathers in the absence of bait to fish in Chesapeake Bay recently and succeeded in hooking forty-two fine rock. His partner, Capt. James Crew of Betterton, caught two fish on crab meat bait.

MOONSHINE PLANT ON TEACHER'S PLATFORM

When citizens of Emerson, Man., spread reports that an old isolated schoolhouse in which mysterious lights were seen was infested with "spirits," they were right. But the spirits were of the moonshine and not the Sir Oliver Lodge variety.

The schoolhouse, which has been sold to a farmer recently, was visited by the police. On the teacher's platform they found a huge still, with a capacity of forty-five to sixty-five gallons daily. The still, nineteen barrals of mash and other paraphernalia were confiscated. Four arrests were made.

DOG SURVIVES SNAKE BITE.

Hunters' tradition declares a rattlesnake's bite will kill a dog as well as a human being. But hunters can be mistaken.

A mongrel belonging to Gordon Welshans of Oriole, Pa., has survived the ordeal, having been struck in the face by a rattler six days ago.

Farmer Welshan's party was picking huckleberries on the mountain, while the dog poked among the bushes to rout out a rabbit or a woodchuck. He disturbed an eight-button rattler, which bit him in the face. The pickers killed the snake, but the dog, whose face looked as if he had the mumps, disappeared. He has just returned home, a distance of fifteen miles, very much weakened, but will live.

His face was covered with mud, the canine remedy for snake bite, hornet stings and like troubles.

THE AUDACIOUS ENGLISH SPARROW

That astonishing little bandit the London sparrow attracts much more attention at the Zoo than even the bird of paradise. The Zoo, of

course, provides a perpetual banquet, and the sparrow holds no animal in respect. They enter the wolves' cages and sneak their food; they flutter in and out the hyenas' den, and hop unconcernedly among the bears. Constantly they outwit the very monkeys. This spring a pair has actually built a nest inside the lion-house, within a few feet of the tiger's cage. There they feed their young with scraps filched from the cranes and pelicans. Their nest, the keeper explained, was made from the hay wisps stolen from the bison's paddock, near by. The starlings, too, are beginning to follow suit. In the cranes' quarters (writes a correspondent) I saw a glossy pair bring their three youngsters—full grown now—which they fed out of the cranes' food dish. Presently, however, the long-legged bird (who is utterly indifferent to sparrows) rushed furiously toward them, and the whole of the little family took wing in a hurry. We who know the English sparrow (London sparrow, as *The Manchester Guardian* chooses to call it) do not wonder at the bird's boldness, for it is made much of by all the English papers and it is quite true the starling is following fast in the sparrow's footsteps.

LAUGHS

Teacher—What is the difference between "I will hire a taxi, and I have hired a taxi?" Kid—About six dollars and a half.

Crawford—How is it you let your wife have her own way? Crabshaw—I once tried to stop her.

"Oh, dearie, I just thought about asking you to fix the stove pipe for me." "Just thought about it? It's what I call a put-up job."

Inspector in Chicago Police Station—What's your name? Prisoner—Patrick Sweeney. "What nationality are you?" "An Irishman." "What's your business?" "An Italian organ grinder!"

Mrs. Caller—So your husband is out cycling? Why aren't you scouring the country with him on your bicycle? Mrs. Wheeler—Oh, I have to stay home to scour the country off his clothes.

"I thought you were never going to speak to Harold again as long as you lived," said one girl. "I know I said so," replied the other. "It wasn't my fault that I broke the resolution." "How did it happen?" "He called me over the telephone."

Mrs. O'Brien—Sure, a dhrop now an' thin is a comfort; but aren't ye afraid, Mrs. Hinnessy, ye'll get the habit? Mrs. Hinnessy—Niver a bit! Me ould man's been dhrinkin' ut stiddy these for-rtty years past, an' he's niver got the habit.

"Mary, will ye look across th' airshaft now at the pitcher of ice-water the Hanrahans have in the windy?" "It ain't ice at all. It's nothing but a chunk of glass. Oh, the hypockersy of some people that wants to put on style when they ain't got the price!"

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

WATCH SAVED HIM

A watch, shattered by a bullet fired by one of two robbers who were burglarizing a motor company's storehouse, at Hancock, Md., at 1 o'clock one morning recently, saved the life of Constable Barnhart.

The robber discovered the officer approaching and fired. The bullet, after striking the watch, which Barnhart wore in his vest pocket over his heart, glanced and passed out through his coat.

The watch is one his brother, Arthur Barnhart, carried when he was killed by a bullet six years ago. The burglars escaped.

A CHINCHILLA FARM

The latest Northwest venture is a chinchilla farm, where an attempt is being made to breed these valuable fur bearing animals from South America in a mountain meadow of the Cascade Range, Washington. T. M. Hamlin and W. C. Copper, the owners, have forty young chinchillas for a starter and are convinced they can successfully raise them in these alpine regions.

The chinchilla, resembling the prairie dog in size and shape, is found in the main range of the Andes of Peru and Chili. Preferring an altitude from 5,000 to 18,000 feet, they will thrive nearer sea level if the climate is dry. They breed twice each year, the ten to twenty offsprings being about the size of mice. In their native haunts they subsist on chinchilla grass, carrots, cabbage and vegetable peelings. It is said they do not require water to drink.

The value of the pelts varies, but those now imported from South America bring from \$50 to \$80 each. An average coat of 270 skins of the chinchilla is valued at from \$15,000 to \$20,000. Owing to the rarity of the fur, it is in big demand from wealthy buyers, and it cannot be imitated by piecing nor by dyeing.

TO MAKE HENS' EGGS HARD

We do not refer to the familiar boiling process, but to a method of making the shells thick and tough. This is a trick of the trade known to veteran poultrymen. Make up a supply of lime-water, just as though you were preparing white-wash, and strain off the liquid. Use this for several days in the poultry wet mash, at the rate of about a quart of liquid to 100 hens.

"There is nothing I know," declared a poultryman of many years' experience, "which will stop soft-shelled eggs in a flock so quickly and sensationally as this. Lime, of course, is the principal element in the egg shell, and the limewater supplies it in concentrated form. The eggs will become so hard that you can pour them from a basket just the way you pour water from a pail, and they won't break."

This is a poultry trick you can try on your friends. You can make your flock renowned all over the district for its hard-shelled eggs, and nobody will guess the simple secret.

But ordinarily, soft-shelled eggs in a flock can be corrected by other methods. Always, of

course, there ought to be ample oyster shell before the flock. Then the feeding of alfalfa or clover is a great help, as these materials contain considerable lime.

It is possible, of course, to have eggs with shells too hard. At the hatching period, shells of only medium thickness are desired, as they can be broken by the chick without undue labor. The danger at other periods is more from soft-shelled eggs—not so much because they must be handled more carefully, which is the case, but because they break easily in the nest and may cause the flock to acquire the egg-eating habit, an exasperating, disagreeable thing to fight.

NON-DRINKING ANIMALS

Camels travel four or five days without drinking, but they are not doing without water all that time. A camel's stomach is peculiarly made, with a number of pouches—"pockets on the sides." Water is stored here when the animal drinks, and he can draw on these "reserve canteens" one at a time for bodily moisture. His keenness in detecting water at incredible distances makes it easy for him to regulate his water rations between drinking places.

Hunters and naturalists say that a giraffe can do without water three or four days. One famous explorer states that in Africa he kept a herd of giraffes under closest observation for a week, and that not one of them drank a single time.

Some of the African antelopes drink but rarely; the eland, in spite of its bulk and fat, goes for weeks without a drink. The hartebeest drinks when water is handy, but goes drinkless without apparent inconvenience when necessary. The klespranger, one of the liveliest of antelopes, and the gerenuk, called by the natives "little camel," are said never to drink. The long-snouted dikdik could not get water even if it so desired; its home is a hot dry thicket which it never leaves. The jerboa, a sort of kangaroo rat, is another curious creature of the Dark Continent that lives entirely without drink—under conditions of heat and dryness that to a man without water would be fatal within forty-eight hours.

According to Dr. Heller, eminent scientist and explorer, autopsies on these non-drinking animals proved them not organically different from other mammals. The most feasible explanation is that of habituation. It is significant that no flesh-eaters (carnivores) are among these "water fasters"; it is probable that they, being more ferocious, drove the timid animals from the streams and water-holes back into the high, dry altitudes. As the centuries passed the herbivores developed, by compulsion, a constitutional tolerance of thirst. We will never know how many generations perished prematurely because of insufficient water; but adaptability, that wonderful power God has given to all His creatures, finally triumphed, and evolved the non-drinking animal.

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

SNAKES A SOURCE OF PROFIT

Near Brownsville, Texas, W. A. King conducts one of the largest snake farms in the world, with a hundred hatchers constantly employed. The farm supplies specimens to museums and poison to chemists and medical men. Each rattler yields about a fourth of a tumblerful of the deadly green liquid. Snake oil, as a remedy for rheumatism, brings a good price, and hides and rattles are used in the manufacture of novelties.

MEN FEAR GIRL LINGERIE CLERKS

"The hardest part of my business," said the owner of the women's specialty shop in the business district, "is to get a couple of men clerks to work for me. They are indispensable for worried husbands who come in here to shop during their lunch hour.

"A man hates to order silk stockings or some feminine unmentionables from a girl clerk. He thinks she's laughing at him, and many times he's right, for his confusion. It's different with men attendants. The husbands, as men to men, seem to get along with them very well."

BENEDICTS CAN'T PRESS PANTS AT HOME ANY MORE

"Married men are much better customers when it comes to getting their clothes pressed than are bachelors," said the observant tailor. "That's not particularly because they are more careful of their dress, but because they can't do the pressing themselves after marriage.

"Most single men are experts at trousers pressing. But when a man's married his wife will insist on wielding the iron if it's done in the home at all. Any man knows that a woman can't press a pair of pants. So he sends them to us."

BIG MIRROR AIDS SALES OF CARS

The garage, in its early days, was supposed to be a place strictly for men. Any such femininity as a mirror would have been scorned. But since women have to drive cars this has changed.

"I had the biggest mirror I could find put on the main floor," said the owner of the uptown automobile stable, "and it's no secret that it used to adorn the top of a bar. The women like to view themselves after a windy ride. And it helps me sell second-hand machines. The girls and wives can see how they look at the wheel. It clinches many a sale."

FINDS CASTAWAY ON SOUTH SEA ISLAND

A twentieth century Robinson Crusoe has been discovered by Professor William H. Nobbs of the Geology Department of the University of Michigan, on the island of Kusai, one of the Caroline group.

Professor Nobbs arrived in Manila recently after pursuing his geological investigations in the southeast and reported to Acting Governor Charles E. Yeater that he had found Captain Leander West, of the American bark Horatio,

which was wrecked in 1901 on the Caroline Islands, living on Kusai Island where he is the only white man.

According to the professor, Captain Nobbs was befriended by a native chief and admitted to the chief's tribe, but now he wants to return to the United States. Only five ships, all Japanese, call at the island yearly and Captain West was not able to get passage on any of them. He has been paralyzed for the last year and a half and has not been able to work. He is being cared for by the natives.

Governor Yeater said that he would forward to Washington Professor Nobbs' recommendations for the return to the United States of Captain West, who was born in Utica, Ohio.

WRIST WATCH ROILS STRANGE WOMAN

Wrist watches have a harder time keeping the correct time than most other watches. They may be adjusted to four positions, but they are thrust around with such vigor and suddenness that is trying to the insides of the best regulated time-piece.

A woman stepped up to the window of the Grand Central the other day to buy a ticket to Chatham.

"Train departs in two minutes, track 17, and you'll have to hurry," warned the ticket seller.

"Gracious, my watch must be slow, panted the woman as she brushed through the gate.

"Well, it certainly is slow," glared another woman, a perfect stranger to the owner of the watch, as she also raced down the long platform. "I looked at your watch and took my time buying a ticket, and now I've got to run my head off to catch the train."

8-YEAR-OLD CHILD ON 7,000-MILE TRIP

Left alone on Ellis Island by friendly fellow immigrants Hulda Amelia Margareta Larson, eight-year old Swedish girl, began recently a lap of a 7,000-mile trip from Segå, Sweden. On her arrival in San Francisco she will become the adopted child of an uncle and aunt there. Immigrant officers say he will have smashed all records for juvenile long-distance journeys.

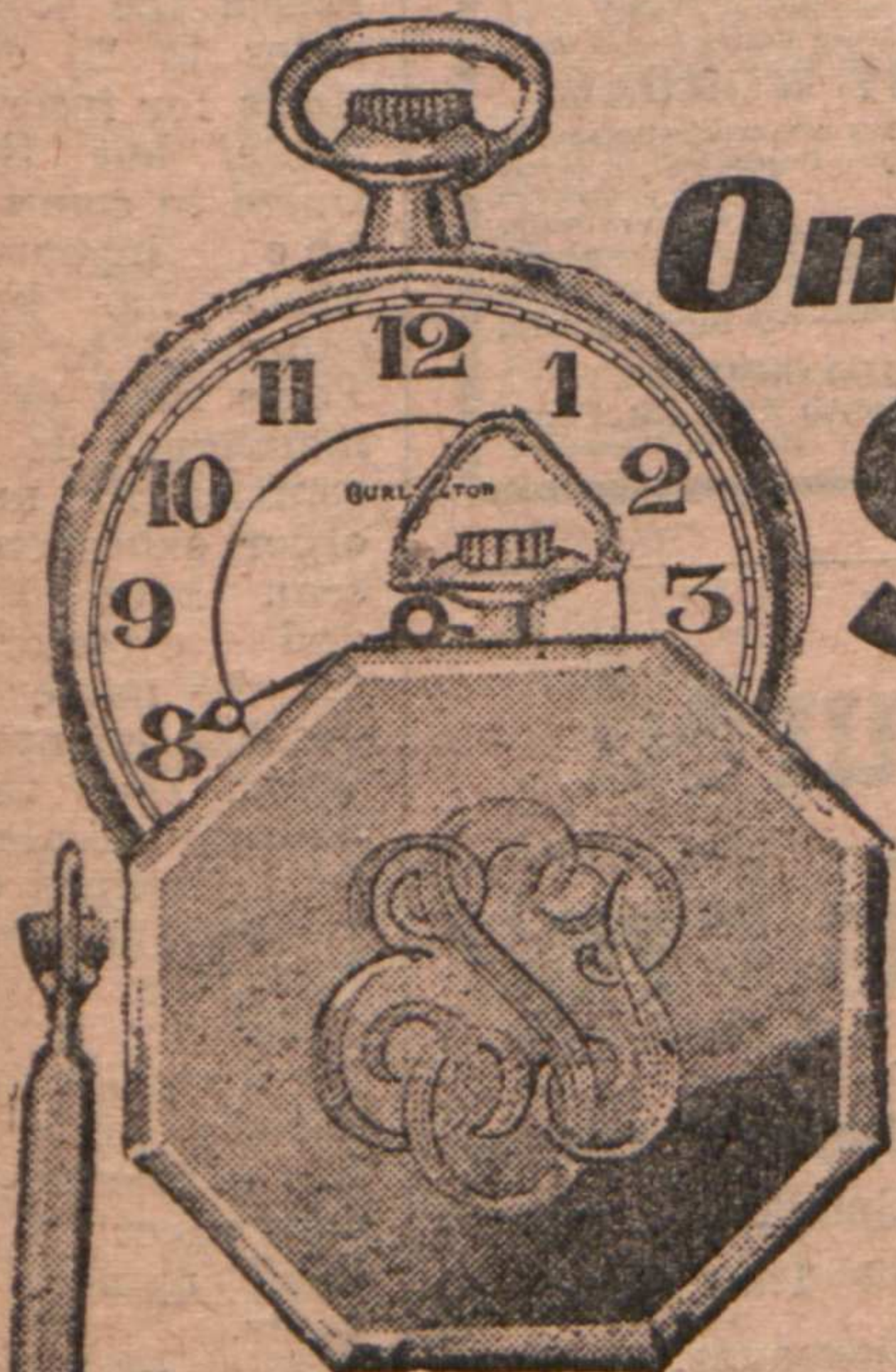
Little Miss Hulda's aunt, Mrs. John Lindholm, of No. 832 Douglas street, San Francisco, visited her kindred in Sweden last summer and became so attached to Hulda that she proposed adopting her. Arrangements were not completed before Mrs. Lindholm left Sweden, but Hulda said she wasn't afraid to travel alone provided they would let her bring her favorite doll, Lisa.

No mishap befell Hulda and Lisa until they reached Ellis Island, where Hulda hadn't been in detention quarters ten minutes, hugging Lisa tight, before Lisa's head was broken off by the scurrying throng of immigrants.

When she left Ellis Island to take a train the little girl was still clinging to her headless doll, her only companion on her long trip. Both child and doll were tagged with placards telling who they were and to whom they were going.

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French postal authorities expected a substantial reduction in the numbers of letters when they raised the stamp rates to 25 centimes for interior mails, but they failed to count on the ingenuity which has been exercised by one Paris mail order merchant. It is common for mail order salesmen to scan hotel lists and directories for the names of possible clients to whom they then address circulars, with stamped envelopes for reply. Naturally this confidence in the prospective client's interest has a psychological effect in a large number of cases.

But with the increased postage rates this practice seemed doomed, until a clever Parisian discovered that it was possible to cover a stamp with a thin layer of mucilage, which with the cancellation stamp mark could be sponged off when the reply arrived. The postal detectives, however, happened to open a package of envelopes, which gave off a peculiar sticky perfume, and discovered the trick which resulted in the arrest of the merchant. His good previous record made it possible for him to get off with a fine of only 2,000 francs, which he paid promptly.

BOAT-TRAIN RUNS ON LAND OR

WATER

Experiments with a new system of waterway transport, described alternately as the "amphibious boat" or the "amphibious train," have been successfully carried out on the Willebroeck Canal in Belgium and are described by the Economic Review (London). The object of the system is to overcome transport difficulties on un-navigable portions of rivers, such as rapids, by rendering craft easily transferable to land while loaded and conveying them by rail until their further transport by water again becomes possible. It also contemplates the conveyance of the craft overland from one river or waterway to another.

The inventor is a Belgian, Robert B. Goldschmidt, and it is hoped to make use of the system mainly in the Belgian Congo. The amphibious "boat-train" is described as a series of twin boats or barges, the first of which is the tug, which can be driven by petroleum or palm oil. Each pair of boats is bound together laterally by a double yoke of steel, bearing a hanging device which runs on a mono-rail. The mono-rail is laid on a raised masonry or timber structure.

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How the
"Inner
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Reveals Startling
Facts Overlooked
By Doctors and
Scientists For Centuries**



"I am eighty-three years old and I doctored for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army over fifty years ago," writes J. B. Ashelman. "Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures', and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now, as if by magic, I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change."

HOW IT HAPPENED

Mr. Ashelman is only one of thousands who suffered for years, owing to the general belief in the old, false theory that "Uric Acid" causes rheumatism. This erroneous belief induced him and legions of unfortunate men and women to take wrong treatments. You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as to try and get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints, by taking treatments supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. Many physicians and scientists now know that Uric Acid never did, never can and never will cause rheumatism; that it is a natural and necessary constituent of the blood; that it is found in every new-born babe; and that without it we could not live!

These statements may seem strange to some folks, who have all along been led to believe in the old "Uric Acid" humbug. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out this truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders, and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," a remarkable book now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this particular trouble.

NOTE: If any reader of this magazine wishes the book that reveals these facts regarding the true cause and cure of rheumatism, facts that were overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a post card or letter to H. P. Clearwater, No. 534 K Street, Hallowell, Maine, and it will be sent by return mail without any charge whatever. Cut out this notice lest you forget! If not a sufferer yourself hand this good news to some afflicted friend.

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